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No 421

WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

I thought I would tell her I loved her
When the Spring came over the hill,
But the Summer came, and my secret
I kept a secret still.
I said, "Ere the close of Summer
I will go to her and say
The words I meant to have told her
When the year was in its May."
But I waited, and Summer ended,
And I thought, "Ere Autumn's done
I will tell her the old, old story,
And her hand shall be lost or won."
But I waited, as in the Summer,
Foolishly dreading to speak,
When I knew that the sound of my footsteps
Brought a glow to her eye and cheek.
It was not that I feared refusal,
Not that I doubted my heart;
Only a man's weak waiting
That kept our lives apart.
They said in the time of Christmas
A lover was at the Hall,
And then I waited no longer,
Fearful of losing all.
I went to her and told her
What I ought to long before,
"You have asked too late," she answered,
And showed me the ring she wore.
But I knew if I had not waited
And dallied with my fate,
I'd have won the hand I asked for,
But I asked for it too late.

Joe Phenix, THE POLICE SPY.

A story of the Great City of the Western World in the light and in the shade; in the broad glare of the noonday sun and under the silver beams of the moon; a tale of the men who prey, shark-like, upon their kind, and of the secret blood-bonds of the law, who, through many a devious, winding way, hunt the wily villains down to their dark, dishonored graves.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER V. THE BOHEMIANS.

DARKNESS was falling rapidly upon the busy streets of the great metropolis. The sons and daughters of toil were hurrying home from their daily avocations, and all the central avenues on the east side of town were filled with people.

Lights were beginning to gleam in the windows, and the long lines of tenement-houses to wear their usual nightly appearance. Up the narrow stairs of a dark and dingy tenement-house on avenue A a man was climbing.

No common man was this; no hard-handed son of toil a hundred like him to be encountered on every block in the crowded avenue, but a fellow so unlike the common run of men, that even in a crowd he would have excited immediate attention.

Tall, well-formed; short-cut yellow hair; a long, drooping mustache and pointed chin; a full, handsome face, wherein shone keen, gray-blue eyes, odd and peculiar in their light; the face, massive and full of resolution; dressed plainly—carelessly, in a well-worn suit of dark stuff, with a high-crowned, broad-brimmed felt hat tilted back on his head; a close observer of city life and of city men would have no difficulty at all in guessing at what manner of man he was, although he lacked the long, flowing locks common to the species—"Bohemian."

A son of Bohemia—not the Bohemia, far across the stormy seas in the German land, but the Bohemia of the crowded metropolis—the mystic land from whence the sons and daughters of genius spring.

The Bohemia of the actor, the artist, the writer, the musician; in fine, of nearly all that vast class whose sole business it is to amuse the world. In the old days the roving bands of Gipsies were termed Bohemians, and as they were fortune-tellers, conjurers, dancers or players, who gained a living by amusing the idle hours of the busy, honest, toiling world, when in time the stage, the opera, the press supplanted these wanderers, the new-comers, children of genius, who gained their bread by the aid of their wits instead of by manual labor, succeeded to the name, and thus it is that Bohemia flourishes to-day in the midst of all our large cities.

So, when we speak of a man as being "a Bohemian," we mean that he is a talented, clever fellow—a genius whose business it is to astonish the sober world at large, and who—ten chances to one—will some day die a miserable death and fill a pauper's grave.

Reginald Percy this good-looking fellow terms himself, and he occupies a small room on the fifth floor of the old tenement-house.

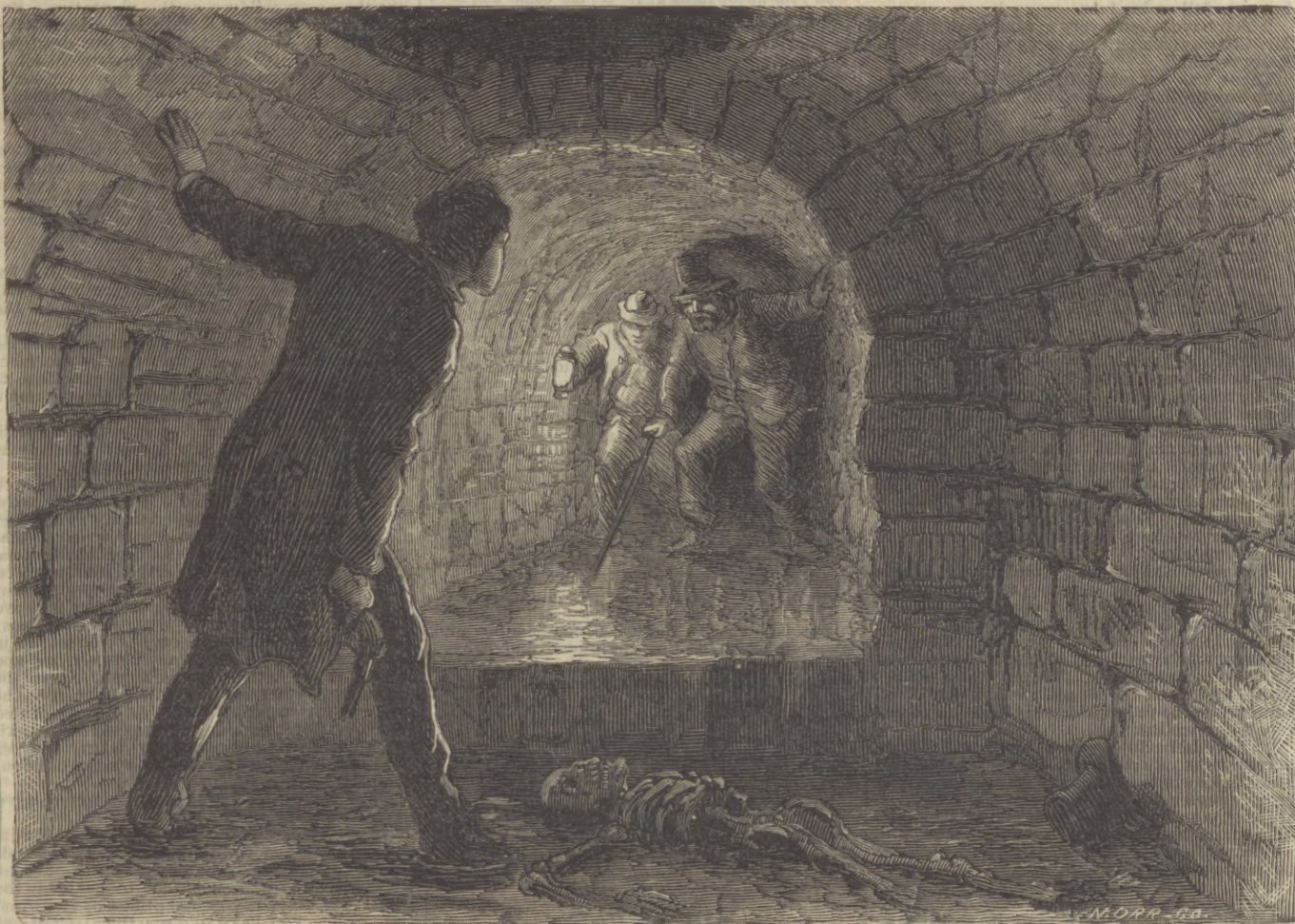
There were some twelve families in the house, two on each floor, and though each set of rooms only comprised four apartments, yet two or three of the families managed to get along with a couple of rooms, and so either to let furnished apartments, or to take boarders.

The poor huddle together like sheep in this great, overgrown city of New York.

Just one month had Percy been an inmate of the house, and he had briefly said upon taking possession of his quarters, a little bedroom in the rear on the fifth floor, that his name was Reginald Percy, and that he was a writer by profession.

The landlady, a hard-faced, sour-looking woman, known as Mrs. Charlotte Durpoint, dress-maker, who contrived to get along with two rooms and rented the others with board, was not much given to gossip, and, although some of the tenants of the house had noticed the man so striking in his appearance, and commented upon it, yet who he was was not generally known.

There is very little gossip among the toiling



Crouching close to the wall, with his hand on his revolver, he waited for the approach of the two strangers.

denizens of the hives of the great city, strange to say.

Possibly the constant struggle with the gaunt monster, cruel Want, checks the exchange of confidences, for it is a fact that a family may live for years in a tenement-house, occupied by fifteen or twenty families, and yet not know a single soul within the building besides the janitor who takes charge of it.

Percy unlocked the door of his apartment and entered.

Striking a match he lit a small coal-oil lamp which was upon the table.

Hardly had he performed this operation when there was a low tap upon the door.

In some surprise, for he was never troubled with visitors, Percy opened the door, revealing the person of his landlady, Mrs. Durpoint.

"I want to speak a few words with you," the lady said, briefly.

As we have informed the reader, in person she was stern and forbidding, a woman above the medium height, coarse featured, angularly built, with a very masculine appearance.

It was quite evident that her battle with the world had been a hard one and that she had suffered in the fight.

Percy withdrew a step or two so that the landlady could enter, which she immediately did, closing the door carefully behind her.

"You had better sit down, as what I have to say may occupy some time," Mrs. Durpoint said, in her harsh, vinegar-toned voice, at the same time helping herself to a chair.

Percy looked astonished, but he only nodded his head and sat down upon the side of the bed; the apartment only boasted a single chair.

"I'm a woman of the world," Mrs. Durpoint began, "I've seen a good deal of life, and I generally mind my own business."

Percy nodded, as much as to say that he accepted this statement without question.

"I don't interfere with my neighbors much, I don't," she continued, "but I'm no fool, and I guess that I can see what's afore my eyes as well as most folks. Mr. Percy, you're just a wasting your time, and you might as well know it first as last."

"Wasting my time?" he observed, slowly, a peculiar look in his keen eyes, out of the corners of which he was intently regarding the woman.

"Of course you don't know what I mean—I am utterly surprised and all that sort of thing!" she exclaimed, with an indignant snort. "I see I've got to speak right plain, for I, for one, don't believe in beating about the bush. When you came here and wanted to take this room and board with me you said your name was Percy, and that you wrote for the newspapers; and I never contradicted you, although I knew just as well who you were—for I've seen you afore—as if you were my own brother."

The man did not manifest any astonishment at this declaration; there was no change perceptible in his features except that a few wrinkles appeared on his forehead.

"You said your name was Percy and you said in advance, that was all right; that satisfied me; I knew that you war up to something, but it war none of my business I thought; but now that I find out what your game is, I see that I might as well take a hand, too, for without me you'll never be able to do anything."

"Yes?" said the man, in the most non-committal manner possible.

"True as true can be!" exclaimed the woman, decidedly. "You want this girl, Adalia Cumerton, but you don't stand any more chance of getting her than you do of the moon."

"Indeed?" and Percy's naughty lip curled just a bit.

"Why a man like you should want to waste your time on such a shallow-faced chit, or take such trouble about a girl not much better than a street beggar is a wonder; but you know your own business, of course, and that matter is nothing to me; but you won't succeed; there's another man in the way."

Percy gave close attention now.

"A butcher boy—keeps in the market on the next block; the girl got acquainted with him when she used to go after my meat, as she does sometimes now. I met them out walking last Sunday night. Until he's out of the way, you won't get the girl, and even if you succeed in arranging that matter, I doubt if you will ever get her. But if you say the word, and agree to pay me my price, I'll give her to you."

Percy laughed—a light hollow laugh with very little merriment in it.

"Are you not promising me more than you can perform?" he asked.

"Of course I don't mean by fair means," she answered, tartly. "Openly and honestly she'll never be yours. I had a talk with her to-day, and I just scolded her about the matter. I told her that I guessed that you and she would make a match, but she turned as white as death and shuddered at the very thought. Mind you, the bare idea frightened her. 'Oh, no!' she cried, 'I shall never marry anybody—there is a grave between me and the love of any honest man!' and she meant it, too; but I guess the butcher boy would be able to make her think differently. But there's some mystery about her past life; she's as dumb as an oyster about it. You just think over what I've said; a few hundred dollars is nothing to you," and the woman rose to go. "I'll fix the job for you, for there's something about the girl that makes me hate her, although I can't tell what it is."

And then Mrs. Durpoint departed, leaving the man to meditate upon the offer.

CHAPTER VI. BENEATH THE EARTH.

NEVER was there a man more thoroughly taken by surprise than the handsomely-dressed stranger when the concealed trap opened beneath his feet and he was precipitated into the awful gulf below.

And the moment he passed through the trap, the partitioned sides again sprung back into their places. It was a cunningly-devised piece of machinery, and when the surface of the trap was covered with a few inches of earth, as it had been upon the entrance of the stranger into the cellar, no instinct of mortal man could have detected the dangerous contrivance.

Twelve feet at least he fell, but the shock of the fall was broken by the soft nature of the ground beneath, and, although well shaken up by the fall, the man received no material damage.

Sudden as had been the descent, yet, almost involuntarily, the victim had braced himself to meet the shock.

Thoughts came quickly in such moments of peril, and during the time of the descent the man had speculated as to the nature of the fate that awaited him.

"An old well, undoubtedly," his thoughts ran, "and with water enough to drown me like a helpless rat; no chance of escape, no hope of rescue, even if I can succeed in clinging to the stones of the sides and so for a time evade a watery death. The police will come—they will search the old rookery when I am missed, but the odds are a hundred to one that they will not discover the trap in the cellar; and if they do, the chances are that, long before that time, I shall be past all mortal help, for even if I can succeed in clinging to the stones of the wall, strength must fail at last, and it will be hours, perhaps days, before I may expect help."

All these speculations passed with lightning-like rapidity through the brain of the entrapped man; but the water idea was proven to be but a guess the moment terra firma was reached.

The bottom consisted of soft, sticky mud. The violence of the shock brought the man to his knees, and being severely shaken up by the concussion, he remained for a few moments motionless, and then to his ears came the sounds of the assassins above, replacing the earth over the trap, thus again concealing the frightful contrivance.

The bones of a murdered man were before him, within arm's length—murdered he was certain, for the handle of a knife protruded

shivered when to his ears came the sounds of the clods of earth falling upon the surface of the trap.

So might a man buried alive and struggling within the close confines of his narrow coffin suddenly revived to consciousness, hear the shovelfuls of earth falling with dull thud upon his wooden prison-house.

To be buried alive! A fearful thought—more terrible perhaps to this man, alive, well in full possession of all his faculties, every limb unfettered, than to the helpless tenant of the undertaker's coffin. He, so well prepared to struggle for life, muscular, cunning in all the tricks of the wrestler's and boxer's art, a match for a half-score of ordinary men, to perish in this untimely way, conquered by a foe who shrewdly denied him the chance to exert the strength and skill he possessed to such a wondrous degree.

The sounds above soon ceased, the silence of the tomb ensued, and the police spy realized that his triumphant foes had abandoned him to his miserable fate.

What earthly chance had he to escape? He rose to his feet.

He did not despair, this man of iron nerve, for hard fortune and he had shaken hands daily for many a long year.

Ample provided was he for all emergencies; fully armed, a small self-cocking revolver in each side-pocket, a third thrust into the inside pocket of his vest, and a six-inch bowie-knife, keen as a razor, hung in a leathern sheath at his side, handy to his right hand, an open attack would have been boldly met; and, in addition to his weapons, he carried in his coat-pocket a small but powerful bull's-eye lantern.

Igniting a match, he lit the lantern and proceeded to take a survey of the prison-house into which he had been so unceremoniously introduced.

As he had surmised, it was an old well, about five feet in diameter, the walls composed of rough stones, but they were carefully laid and the entire surface was so smooth that the prisoner perceived at a glance that it would be a hopeless task to attempt to scale them, even if there was any chance of forcing open the heavy trap-door above.

The disappearance of the water from the well was easily accounted for. Right opposite to each other were two openings in the walls, each one about four feet high by three feet broad.

The police spy at once guessed the riddle.

"Some subterranean stream has forced in the one wall of the well and then forced out the other in its passage to the river," he muttered.

"Fate does not always aid these vile wretches," he continued. "It is evident that they do not know of the existence of this underground passage, which has cut directly through the well. They believed, when they sprung the trap and hurled me into this pit, that they condemned me to a lingering but certain death; but as the water has evidently found its way to the river, there is no reason why I should not be able to do likewise. They have played the first trump, but one trick is not the game."

"There was menace in the tone of the speaker, and if the cunning, but desperate, outlaws in the dingy saloon above had overheard the words, perhaps their jests in regard to the easy manner in which they had disposed of a dangerous intruder, would not have appeared so funny."

"Now, which way shall I turn?" murmured the spy, flashing the light of the lantern alternately at the two openings in the wall of the well. "Which way leads to the river? If the stream was still flowing I could easily determine."

He stooped down to see if there was any water trickling through the mud in which he stood, and as he flashed the light of the lantern downward the bright rays fell upon something white and ghastly, which caused even the stern-nerved police spy to start.

The bones of a murdered man were before him, within arm's length—murdered he was certain, for the handle of a knife protruded

from the mud in which the remains were partially imbedded.

The clothes of the victim had long since rotted away and disappeared, the rats and other vermin of the underground passage had feasted full upon the flesh, and naught but the white and polished bones remained.

It was plain that the man—the discoverer assumed that it was a man—had been stabbed in the den above and then hurled into the old well, the murderers never even taking the trouble to remove the knife with which the deed had been done, but had left it sticking in the body.

"Heaven give me strength and ability to bring these wretches to justice!" he cried in stern accents. "I was buried within this old well that I might be forever silenced, for it is plain that in some mysterious way my errand was suspected and my death decreed; but fate wills that I shall not only escape but bear with me the story of this hidden crime, which else might never have seen the light. If I could only find some clew now by means of which I could discover who the victim was, perhaps I might be able to bring the deed home to the perpetrators."

Then, acting on this thought, he bent over, and by the aid of the brilliant light of the lantern closely examined the ghastly remains.

The ways of fate are sometimes marvelously strange, and often the merest chance leads to the detection of the most skillfully concealed crime.

Murder will out, they say, and, in truth, the old adage sometimes is wonderfully correct.

A little heap of earth resting against one of the rib bones attracted the keen eyes of the spy.

It looked to him as if something was hidden underneath.

In a second he proved that his suspicion was correct.

Inside of the heap was a small package about eight inches long by four wide, and about an inch thick.

Carefully removing the thick coating of mud which besmeared the package, the spy discovered to his intense satisfaction that the article was a large Russian-leather pocket-book, securely wrapped in a long piece of cloth.

"A clew! a clew!" he cried in glee. "Heaven for the moment allowed these villains seemingly to triumph, only that, in the end, their crime should be discovered, and they, the guilty ones, brought to justice!"

CHAPTER VII. THE LEGACY OF DEATH.

WITH a nervous hand the bloodhound of the law unrolled the wrapper which had protected the book from the ravages of the water so well, and opened it.

It contained only a single article; just a common sheet of note-paper, folded lengthwise.

The spy opened it; the sheet was filled with closely-written characters traced in pencil, but, thanks to the care with which the pocket-book had been prepared, the writing was still quite legible notwithstanding the exposure it had undergone.

It was indorsed at the head as follows:

"THE STATEMENT OF MILTON BULLCASTOR."

"Oh!" cried the spy, as he read the bold and firmly-written lines: "I remember him, or, at least, the name is familiar to me. Let me think—who was he?"

For a moment he puzzled over the question, and then all of a sudden the remembrance flashed upon him.

"I have it now!" he exclaimed. "Milton Bullcastor, lawyer, of the firm of Bullcastor and Bullcastor, their office on lower Broadway; father and son; Milton was the father; he disappeared about a year ago, and when his affairs came to be examined, it was discovered that he had appropriated to his own use about eighty or ninety thousand dollars, trust funds committed to his care by his clients. He had speculated in stocks, lost largely, and finding that he was on the verge of discovery, he helped himself to all the funds that he could lay hold of, and disappeared; supposed to have escaped to Brazil. These are his bones, I presume. He found a grave in this hole, while all the world supposed that he was enjoying his ill-gotten gains in far-off Brazil. And his money—the money of which he robbed his trusting clients—who got that? The villains who murdered him? Yes, no doubt of it!"

The police spy again resumed the perusal of the paper.

"As I am apprehensive that I shall never quit this house alive, the writing ran, 'I am desirous to leave behind me some clew to my fate, in the hopes that it may fall into the hands of some one who will convey it to the proper authorities in order that the vile scoundrels, into whose clutches I have been betrayed, and who I am sure intend to make away with me in order to possess themselves of the valuables which by some means, I am certain, they know I possess, shall be brought to justice. I have been a weak and guilty man, and now, with death staring me in the face, I earnestly ask pardon of the poor souls whom I have wronged and beggared, and I fully realize that the way of the transgressor is hard. My affairs have been involved for some time, and finding that it would be impossible to stave off the exposure of my guilt in using my clients' money as if it had been my own, I resolved to take what I could and fly, hoping that in a foreign land fortune might favor me so that I would be able to pay back the money I had taken. A single man knew my secret, Reginald Percy, a Wall street broker, with whom I had dealings. In some mysterious way he either knew or suspected, I was using my clients' money, and openly told me so. From him I received the first intimation that suspicion had been excited in regard to myself, and that I had better get together what I could and fly. He gave me directions how to find this place, where I now am, a password, 'I'm a friend of Captain Shark,' and need assistance, and told me that the people here would procure me a disguise and in time smuggle me out of the country; but I am convinced that this man, Percy, has betrayed me, and that I am in a den of murderers who only await a favorable moment to put the knife to my throat. I have, concealed in a money belt around my waist, the sum of about ten thousand dollars in Bank of England notes—forty fifty-pound notes. Intending to go to California and then to China I procured the English notes, thinking that they would not draw suspicion to me as would the free use of our own money, as I intended to pass myself off as an Englishman. The numbers of the notes are '—and here followed the numbers of the entire forty. 'I was cordially received here; told that I must conceal myself for a time, and was then conducted to a small room, the

window at which was barred by a heavy shutter; the door had been kept constantly locked, a measure of precaution only to keep out the police, they say, but I fear it is more to keep out the thieves. The names of two of the fellows I have learned, Louis Giroude and Anatole Duca, and I am sure that the man who will probably be the doors of the dead. I will find this paper in my pocket-book, wrap the book up well in strips of cloth, so as to preserve it, and seal it in the line of my coat, trusting that time will bring it to light and that it may fall into the hands of some one willing and able to bring the wretched to justice. (Signed) MILTON HILL-CARTER."

Carefully the police man perused the paper, and a gleam of joy illuminated his stern face. "Alas, I have them safe enough if I can only succeed in escaping from this hole!" he exclaimed. "This Percy—he is evidently the chief of the gang. This guilty fugitive predicted his fate only too correctly. The fifty-pound notes should be easily traced. It would be a rare stroke of luck if at the first attempt I should succeed in bringing these daring and bloody-handed villains to justice. But, what course had I better pursue? Let me think."

For a few moments the spy meditated over the matter. "I will replace the pocket-book, leave everything just as they were when I discovered them, then have the police make a descent upon the place and examine this pit. The knife, too, with which the deed was evidently done may lead to the discovery of the murderers."

Carefully then he replaced the paper in the pocket-book, wound the cloth around it, returned it to its original position and covered it with the sticky soil.

"And now to escape from this den of horrors," he muttered, casting a searching glance into the open, tunnel-like space at his right hand. Hardly had he done so when a cry of amazement broke from his lips.

Afar off, on the narrow tunnel was a gleam of light—a yellow star cutting the Egyptian-like darkness. Not a stationary light but one in motion, evidently coming from a lantern borne by human hands.

"It is steadily advancing," the spy muttered. "I must be cautious; more likely foes than friends. The chances are great that my presence here is not suspected, for the light of my lantern is directed against the wall, but even as he spoke he shut off the light of the bull's-eye and utter darkness again reigned."

Crouching close to the wall, with his hand on one of his revolvers, he waited for the approach of the strangers.

Nearer and nearer came the light; soon he could distinguish that the bearer of the lantern was not alone, but accompanied by a single companion.

The first thought of the police spy was that the twain were a pair of the thieves coming to complete their work, but when the newcomers came so near that their words could be distinguished, he saw at once that he was in error.

"Mon Dieu! I am afraid that we shall never find our way out!" the man with the lantern exclaimed.

"Oh, keep on, father; this passage must lead somewhere," the other man replied.

The two then entered into the well and a cry of astonishment came from them as they beheld the tall figure of the police spy, now standing erect by the wall.

The newcomers were father and son, as their words indicated. Frenchmen, evidently, dressed poorly, their clothes now covered with mud, but with honest faces.

"Do not be alarmed," the spy said; "I presume that you, like myself, have lost your way in the sewer, and are now trying to find your way out."

With the appearance of the two men the true solution of the riddle as to the drainage of the old well had flashed instantly upon the mind of the spy.

A sewer had been run through it, and the thieves, ignorant of it, supposed when they threw their victims down the well that there was no escape for them.

"Yes, sir," responded the old man, "my son and myself are very poor, and we supposed that by descending into the sewers we might be able to pick up some valuable articles, but the sewers here are not like those of Paris. We lost our way, and for the last two hours we have been wandering vainly about endeavoring to find a way out."

"This way, I think, leads to the river," the spy said, pointing to the other side of the well.

"By following it then we can get out?"

"It is likely."

And then to the ears of the speakers there came a strange, hollow sound.

They gazed at each other in wonder, but the mystery was soon solved by the sudden rush of a large body of water into the well.

The tide was rising!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 420.)

Rosamond's Wedding.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

ROSAMOND was standing so perfectly still on the high gray bowlder that had been the bank of the swift deep river hundreds and hundreds of years, that Steele Conway, walking silently, rapidly toward her, thought how like an exquisite statue she looked—tall, graceful, elegant in the marble repose of her position.

She wore black, as usual, not mourning, but because in winter she preferred it, as she invariably wore and preferred white in summer—black of thick soft cashmere trimmed with a profusion of shining jet bugles that made a curious little sound when she walked, and that just now, as she stood so perfectly still, was no breath of wind to stir even a tress of the intensely black, glossy hair that was swept loosely, wavingly off her lovely forehead, were all a-gleam in the late afternoon sunshine.

Beyond her the river spread and widened until the further shore looked more than a mile away; between her and Steele Conway was nothing to break his view of her, as he walked up, quick, still to where she stood out so clearly defined against the clear western sky whose blue tint was fading almost into the tender gray that precedes the sunset.

She had not heard his footsteps until he had reached her nearly enough to speak to her, and then a little sudden horror and repulsion came into her wistful eyes—such lovely, passionate, unsatisfied eyes—as he spoke to her.

"Shall I say 'Patience on a monument,' fair Rosamond? I am not anxious, however, that the latter clausule of the hackneyed quotation shall be literally applied—smiling at Grief—that is, if I am to personate that unfortunate individual."

As she turned he raised his hat with easy grace, smiling as he met her grave glance. Then he gave her his hand to assist her down—and she refused it, quietly.

"It is not necessary, Mr. Conway. I can get down just as easily as I have often done. I was expecting you to-day."

Not a vestige of welcome gladness was on her fair, serious face—a face so absolutely perfect in feature, expression and coloring that it would have struck a fatal blow at Steele Conway's world-worn, thoroughly-experienced affection before the girl's sweetness and winsomeness had added to the attraction of her beauty.

It had been just a year ago since somebody had introduced them—carelessly, indifferently, accidentally, never once meaning what they would be, and from that hour every woman Steele Conway had ever known or seen fell into insignificance beside the pure ivory-complexioned girl, with her sweet scarlet lips and her cloudy-dark hair and incomparably lovely eyes, so brooding, so passionate, so dusky dark.

He had almost immediately made his intentions known to Rosamond's family, and being known to be rich, respectable, and every way eligible, had received the approval of every one but the girl herself.

And she—well, Rosamond thought this morning that rather than let this man take her in his arms and kiss her she would jump from the mossy gray bowlder into the icy river.

All the pressure brought to bear upon her in Steele Conway's favor had been in vain. All his own pleadings had but added to her distrust and dislike, and yet—here he was to-day expected by her.

A fortnight ago he had made her a proposal of marriage, to which she had replied by return mail in a courteous negative. By the next mail he wrote again, urging his suit ardently, arguing his case with an eager masterfulness that for the first time made her admire a characteristic of his, and assuring her he was not at all disposed to take her refusal as a final answer. That he was willing to wait, and that he should wait confident in hope of ultimate favor in her sight.

To this last letter Rosamond had made no reply. She knew the character of the man well enough to be sure he would personally come to further press his suit, and knowing so perfectly well that nothing would be likely to induce her to change her mind, she had not much cared whether he came or not.

So he had come, and failing to find her in the house, had gone down to the river to meet her, wearing an expression of exultant delight in his eyes as he went down the road; an expression he veiled with one of worshipping reverence, as, after what he intended for his merry bantering greeting, he walked beside her toward home, looking in her face at his grave indifference, then striving to banish that old expression of exulting satisfaction from his own.

Rosamond was the first to break the brief silence that fell upon them; and she broke it with her eyes fast on his face, and her voice coolly, "You have taken a very great deal of trouble, Mr. Conway, which I am sorry will be so thanklessly repaid."

There was no mistaking her meaning—one that any ordinary man would have felt bound to accept. Steele Conway smiled—not even trying to hide that curious exultation, as he answered her: "Which pleasant way of putting it, means no, Rosamond? I have not traveled seven hundred miles to hear you refuse me so coolly. My object is to have you for my wife, and I intend to accomplish my object before I return."

She flashed him a wondering, haughty look. He met it almost defiantly, for all the smile that curled his handsome lips, and went on, coolly, deliberately: "I tried honestly to win your love by the strength and force of my own. I have failed, I see—not so much, I take it, because of my own unworthiness, as of my misfortune in being second in the line, with Pierce Meridon for my rival."

"You thought because you had never spoken his name, I did not know. You see I do; and although I would rather have triumphed over him because you chose me above him, still I am content to purchase my victory at another cost. You will marry me, Rosamond, although you love Meridon. Do you want me to tell you why?"

Rosamond had listened; wonderingly, haughtily, with surges of warm color flowing and ebbing in her cheeks. As Conway finished, she had indicated, by a certain scornful, contemptuous, and instinctively gathered the soft folds of his dress further away from him, as if his proximity were contamination. He saw and understood, and back of his set teeth, covered by smiling lips, he recorded a vow that she should repay him well for it.

"I have hitherto supposed you were at least a gentleman; I now discover my mistake. If Mr. Meridon is to be brought into discussion, I greatly prefer he shall have the amusement of hearing your remarks. Be so good as to consider yourself."

His teeth fairly grated against each other, but he kept his wrath well.

"You would be utterly cruel to me, Rosamond, but I shall not allow it. Listen, one moment, please. You have seen this—dismiss me. I obey, it shall be to go directly from your presence to that of a magistrate, before whom, if you do not consent to marry me, I will lay a forged check I have in my possession—a paper which is the incontrovertible proof of my father's, our father's, crime."

A mute, stony horror came into the girl's face that turned ashen and terror-stricken, as she suddenly recalled a hundred little incidents during the past few weeks at home which had a little mystified her, but that were clear as daylight in the light of this awful revelation.

A fierce rage at this man's power and her powerlessness came over her; then a sharp, agonizing woe, and another accession of terror that was almost fear—such a pitiful feeling for this brave, proud girl to have to feel.

Conway read every passing emotion, and then he smiled pleasantly.

"I see you are somewhat surprised—and no wonder, although I have long known your father was a rascal. This time he shall suffer for it unless you consent to marry me. I have power in my power, and I do you the credit to believe you are sure I will not hesitate to use it. Rosamond, will you be my wife? Yes? I will give you this forged check to tear in pieces, your father will never know his daughter knew his disgrace. No! Well—if you prefer to be the child of a jail-bird, if you would like to see your mother's heart broken with grief and shame, your home sold over your head and your father sent to State's prison for twenty—thirty years—"

Rosamond gave a little gasp of horror.

"You cruel, heartless wretch! You—"

All the smiles died out of his fair, steely face. "You may one day regret having called your husband such an unflattering name. Is it yes, and things to go on as they are going, or no, and its consequences?"

Things to go on as they were going! The horrible sarcasm made a faint sickness grasp her heart, and fade the light of the day into a dull glimmer. As they were—she to go on respecting her father, she to go on thinking of Pierce Meridon, free to love, free to marry, free to be free to take him when he should ask her! It was impossible that it ever could go on that blessed way again.

On the other side—and when she tried to reason her way out of it her soul shrunk in sick horror and pain from it all.

That evening she went quietly down in the parlor where Steele Conway awaited her, having generously offered her two hours of grace.

I am forced to accept you on your own terms, and I do so distinctly understand that even if there was no other one I loved, your mercilessness to me would have effectually prevented even my respect for you. But, for my mother's sake, to save her the home she loves so well, for my father's sake, I will marry you."

Those two hours of grace had not been idle hours to her. She had gone straight to her father, and learned that Conway's charge was true. She had seen a strong man's shame and agony, and heard his prayer for mercy and pity, and then—she had decided to save him, her mother—her lovely, gentle, lady-mother.

And Steele Conway gave her the accused paper, and went away, exultant, content.

The weeks went by, and the wedding-day came near, and then, one sweet spring sunset, when Rosamond was walking alone beside the river, Pierce Meridon overtook her, his grave, grand face lighting at sight of her as he came suddenly beside her.

"You have been avoiding me so long, Rosie—"

"Is anything the matter? Tell me you are glad to see me again, dear."

He had never spoken so familiarly before, and every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush rapturously in her veins at sound of the sweet, eager tones. But—

She turned her woeful face sharply toward him.

"Yes, I am glad—not! not—I must not be glad, for something is the matter. Oh, Mr. Meridon, I have been waiting for you."

He looked at the forefinger she held toward him, his face growing a trifle paler, a slight unsteadiness coming to his voice.

"Ah, I was very awkward; I beg your pardon. I had not heard. Pardon my stupidity, Miss Rosamond—I will say good-evening."

And that was as near to, and yet so far from happiness, as Rosamond had ever known—poor little dark-eyed girl!

A few days, the preparations for the wedding went on rapidly, and the days were very much alike except that each brought more utter sickness of heart to her, more utter despair of the future that held no faintest gleam of promising happiness.

In those days she seldom saw Pierce Meridon. It was better so, she knew, and yet in her heart was starved for the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand. And to think she would have to live on and on, never daring to love him—she, the wife of another man, whom she hated and despised, whose presence made her shiver in disgust.

It was terrible—the experience of those days—the particular experience of one particular day when there came to her a letter, hastily pencilled on a leaf torn from Pierce Meridon's memorandum-book.

By the merest accident I have just overheard enough of a conversation between your father and the man you are to marry to understand why you are lost to me—if you will let yourself be lost to me, if you will permit the famous saying—'I am lost to you'—to mean anything to you. Think again—on your knees think of it—let me come and save you—let me stand between you and a trouble that will ruin you for life. I love you because I love you, because you love me. Send for me to come."

And as she was reading it she heard Steele Conway's light sarcastic laugh over her shoulder.

"Shall you answer that precious epistle, Rosamond? Shall he 'come'?"

And then, fear was added to her other horror of him, as she met his smiling, murderously-smiling eyes that had read her letter, to which she sent her answer, later that day.

Only this: "God bless you for your words, but nothing can be changed. Good-by forever."

That was one week before the wedding. And the seven intervening days went by and the hour came when, before the few selected friends who had been invited to the ceremony, the bride and groom stood up in her white marriage robes, beside Steele Conway, and the minister was reading the solemnly-beautiful service, and the question was asked who would give Rosamond away—just as with a sudden wilder mother and Pierce Meridon and the clutches at his collar, and a sudden gasp of agony, Rosamond's father, for whom she was deliberately sacrificing her young life—Rosamond's father, perhaps because the heart-breaking pity of it all affected him so strongly—fell to the floor in an apoplectic fit from which, ten minutes later, he died—died in the wedding clothes, with Rosamond's arms around his neck.

Then, while Steele Conway stood in the rooms below, with disturbed countenance and silent curses on his lips, Rosamond and her bewildered mother and Pierce Meridon and the minister, to whom a strange romance had been briefly, convincingly told, were assembled in a quiet room, and a marriage ceremony was performed that forever freed Rosamond Meridon from the power of Steele Conway; the ceremony, the knowledge of which made the gentleman rave and threaten, and finally disappear in bitter disappointment and jealous fury.

And a ceremony which was like the opening of the gold-and-jeweled gates of Heaven to the girl who reaped fair harvests of happiness ever after.

MINNIE DALE.

BY JOSEPH D. MILLER.

Beautiful as the sweet dawn
Of an early summer day,
Or the flowers in her garden,
Or the song-birds' happy lay,
Beautiful as crystal dew-drops
Sparkling in the sun's bright ray,
And a voice of angel sweetness,
Like the laughing water's flow,
And blue eyes like liquid violets,
Fringed with lashes drooping low,
And her hair, like a golden tress,
Or with gentle mistletoe glow,
God grant she may still remain
Ever gentle, sweet and fair,
And may heaven-sent angels guard,
And watch and ward every where,
And may virtue's emblem gleam
Ever brightly in her hair!

Madcap,

The Little Quakeress;

OR,

The Naval Cadet's Wooing.

A Romance of the Best Society of the Penn City.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "WAR OF HEARTS," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

HE COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT HER!

"GIVE me a little time!" pleaded poor Ethel, as the Cuban stood before her, looking her through with those keen eyes.

Her whole being shrank from the woman. If she could she would have sunk through the floor to escape that look. A strong shuddering took hold of her—a retreating of her soul into its own depths, to hide from that scrutiny.

Ethel, in the days of her prosperity, when she had ruled, queen of the house and queen of her set, had been very proud. Not arrogant—kind to the poor and sympathetic with others' woes—yet with a strong sense of the worth of blood, and that refinement which comes from several generations of culture. She had been proud of her father and family. She had an unspoken but active idea that she was the better clay than made up the majority of mankind—that she was bound to be very gentle and considerate to her inferiors—but they were inferiors.

Now, every atom of her being quivered and shrank from her fate, as she faced this stranger, with white face and piteous eyes, waiting to hear her make that claim upon her which she expected her to make—waiting to hear her say: "You are my child! My blood runs in your veins, and I shall love you, and I shall tell you that it is your duty to call me 'mother.'"

Ah! if she might not hear that said!

It was nothing to be poor, but to be humbled by such a mother as this would be terrible. The Cuban continued to gaze on her calmly.

"Shall I speak now?" she asked, after a long pause.

Ethel bowed her head, for the word of assent would not come.

A flickering smile that had the glint of a laugh in it—a sarcastic laugh—came into the Cuban's eyes.

"You have been informed, I dare say, that you are my child?" she began.

Again Ethel slightly inclined her head.

"And you do not fancy such a mother?"

"This time there was absolutely no response."

"I do not blame you. You were brought up to believe yourself a lady—to be one of the highest and purest people of your kind. You were educated to be proud and particular. I am responsible for that. I have made all the trouble."

I have been a bad, wicked woman in my day. I was very handsome when I was a girl; and I had ideas in my head of being more than people like me are generally. I flattered myself that my beauty would catch me a gentleman for a husband."

"I admired the young gentleman who came to see my young ladies. When I found that he would pay no attention to me, I was jealous and very revengeful. So did Donna Marie, poor lady. We entered into each other's feelings as completely as if she wasn't a lady and I her maid. But you know the story; I won't repeat it. When the proposition to exchange babies was made to me, I not only saw a chance to spite my mother, but I saw a chance to adopt my own darling daughter."

"She should be a lady, if I could not! The haughty gentleman should lavish his caresses and his wealth on my child—should love her as his own—should give her, in good time, to some rich lover, who would keep his wife in diamonds and give her a golden dish to eat out of every day."

"The idea tickled me; it was not hard to persuade me to do that wicked thing. Girl! you ought not to blame me so much! Had I not done it, what would you be now?—little better than a slave on some Cuban plantation!—no education, no manners of a fine lady. You could not have played the pianist, nor painted them pretty pictures I see here, nor looked so like a queen. I'm proud of you now; and I don't want you to feel that I've got some money laid up for you; and I've no doubt you can make as good a match as any of 'em yet."

"And I've done as well by that other girl as I could."

"I don't all I could for her. My conscience wouldn't bear it, to see her growing up, a most like the negro children on the plantation. So I made up a plan; and when she was between nine and ten, I give out that she was dead, and I got her spirited away to a convent-school. I was well able to pay her way there, out of all my money; and Donna Marie gave me for always doing what she wanted; and I'd always had good wages and lots of presents."

"So it was let on at the school that she was the niece of a rich old man, up in the mountains, who was educating her for his heiress; and she needn't do a hand's turn of work, but was brought up like a lady. She graduated in that convent last year. She sings, plays, talks French an' Italian, and embroiders beautiful."

"She's as handsome as a picture, like her poor mother was. She's just as much of a lady as if she had been brought up to home. She fully believes I'm her mother."

"Now, what I come to you about was this: you're my child. But I ain't going to torment you with that—I'm going to leave you alone to do as you please. You needn't never come a step near me, nor acknowledge me."

Here she stopped and contemplated, with bright, cunning eyes the face of Ethel, who stood, like a statue, gazing back at her.

"I come to see you about this. Seeing you can't have Cyril Wainwright's property, any more, I'm disappointed in my plans after all, and that little cat who was married to that gambler gets everything; and they'll both spend it as soon as they can—under the circumstances, will it not be best for me to confess to your lawyer, Mr. Dobell, and get him to bring forward Wainwright's real daughter's claim?"

"Don't you think that girl ought to be set up in her rights? If the conspiracy between me and Donna Marie is proved, don't you think the courts will set aside the will and restore the property to his daughter? As she concluded these questions, an indescribable gleam of anxiety, artfulness, and avarice shone in her eyes."

"Yes," Ethel answered, after a moment's consideration.

"Is it my duty to criminate myself to give her her rights?"

"Yes. Undoubtedly. If you do not do it, now, I shall force you to do it, by betraying all you have told me. That poor victim of your wickedness has been kept out of her own too long! The amends you make must be swift and sure. Seeing I'm disappointed in my plans after all, and that little cat who was married to that gambler gets everything; and they'll both spend it as soon as they can—under the circumstances, will it not be best for me to confess to your lawyer, Mr. Dobell, and get him to bring forward Wainwright's real daughter's claim?"

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door. As her bidding the door swung open, and the Cuban led in the young lady whom we have seen with her in their apartments.

"Miss Ethel," said the Cuban, "this is Olive—so called—but truly Ethel, while you are my Olive."

The two girls looked at each other with fascinated gaze.

The young stranger, careless and easy as was her manner, shrunk a little under the calm eyes of the other.

Of the same age, both tall and of graceful figure, both lovely of face, no wonder that they faced each other—under the curious circumstances of their meeting—with feelings of deepest interest.

But Ethel was not thinking so much even of the sumptuous charms of her rival as of another thing. Her one keen thought was to look for some feature of her father's in this brilliant face.

"She must be all mother," was her decision, after a moment—"I do not see one expression—one curve or feature of my father here!"

The Cuban looked from one to the other of the two girls, as they regarded each other. There was a subtle glimmer of some thought—not an honest one—in her watchful, brilliant eyes.

But she had not long to continue her covert and cunning regard; for Mr. Dobell, with young Evelyn, arrived almost directly after her.

In another moment Cadet Leigh also knocked at the door; and as Ethel had not the least objection to his having the discussion of the evening, he was invited.

And now, on the appearance of these gentlemen, Ethel noticed a change in the girl whose history was so curiously linked in with her own. The dark eyes kindled, the velvety cheeks glowed, the little figure assumed most coquettish attitudes, and around the scarlet and budding lips played an almost insolent smile of expectation and triumph, which said, as plainly as words:

"Behold, how beautiful I am—how worthy of all that you can do, gentlemen, to raise me to that high position in which I will reign the queen of loveliness and love!"

Ethel perceived, too, the impression which this splendid, young creature made on her own true friend, Mr. Dobell. Men are easily dazzled by dark, smiling eyes and rosy cheeks; Mr. Dobell certainly was surprised and smitten by the dark beauty of the Southern girl—a beauty heightened by her magnificent dress—dress of a style which in the critical North, would have been called "stunning," but which, in a Southern clime, was considered appropriate. Ethel's plain black dress, fitting her elegant figure demurely, was in strong contrast to the lemon-colored satin robe and over-dress of finest white silk gauze—the bare arms and shoulders, the jewels and flowers in the purple-black hair of the other.

But this luxurious toilet had its effect on the men, as it was intended to have—on all the men except Evelyn; and whether love made his eyes sharper, or what, it proved that the splendid dress and smiling manner of the young Cuban stamped her, in his mind, as an adventuress.

In his eyes, Ethel, modest, sad, dignified—her pale cheeks flushed by the excitement of the hour—her pure brow beaming with soul—her mourning-dress clinging to her slight, supple form in plain folds—no ornament about her except the cluster of carnations in her dark hair—was a thousand times more womanly and more lovable than this brilliant tropical creature with her inappropriate full dress and her theatrical attitudes.

The story which Olive had to tell is too familiar to need repetition. She went over it in full, giving every detail, and so working it up with incident and the coloring of her own feelings that no doubt remained in Mr. Dobell's mind of its utter truth.

He was sorry for the girl whose friend he had been so long; but he could not help thinking—as he glanced at the splendid beauty who sat, smilingly, like a youthful Cleopatra, in her corner of the sofa—that her place would be well filled.

Cadet Leigh hardly attended to what was being said; he was so fascinated by those wonderful dark eyes, with their drooping lids and long, languid lashes.

"I am to make out the deposition, to which you will swear," said the lawyer, when Olive had told her story. "On the strength of this deposition I am to set about breaking the will, by means of which Mrs. Myra Garwell now enjoys the estates which belong—no court will dispute her rights—to the daughter of Cyril Wainwright. I do not anticipate much trouble," smiling, as he half-bowed to the young empress on the sofa.

"Mrs. Garwell has been lavish of the money," remarked the Cuban; "the sooner a stop is put to her squandering what is not her own the better."

"Ay," responded the lawyer, half-laughing, "John Garwell has got himself into a scrape. I pity his wife with all my heart."

"She does not deserve much pity," began the Cuban, but Ethel silenced her with an imperious wave of her hand.

"Myra is my cousin," she said, "please spare these remarks. It is dreadful to me that she should be such a victim to fate—lifted high to be dashed low. Have some respect for her disappointment!"

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truth," gasped the woman, dropping on her knees.

"Take thy choice,"

"I have spoken the truth."

"Thou hast made thy choice. Now, as one who has chosen, thou wilt abide with the spirits of the dead, thou shalt abide with me. And the Church, when it heareth of thy crime, shall excommunicate thee."

All the superstitious terrors of those of her class, who think they have pleased the Devil and offended the Church, gathered about the stout heart of the Cuban; and she wrestled with them long and sorely; for she was no coward; and all that she had coveted on earth was at stake; but this dreadful threat of excommunication, made by this ghastly and mysterious voice—this appalling idea of being dragged to live in churchyard vaults with disordered spirits—was more, even, than her strong and determined nature could bear.

Casting a glance of appeal, of anguish, at the beautiful girl who sat, pale and wide-eyed, staring about her in alarm, Olive dropped her head in her hands and groaned.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 412.)

A Novel Craft.

The Story of a Brave Girl's Adventure.

BY CAPTAIN KING.

It was one September day in 1778, when Mary Morne found out that the American camp at Tarrytown was in danger of being surprised by the British.

And the way in which she found it out was this: She had been visiting at her aunt's for a few days. The aunt, a widow, who had made some business to attend to at a place about half-way between her residence and the American camp, and Mary had decided that it was wise to avail herself of the opportunity thus afforded, and ride as far on her way home as possible. It was about noon when they reached the little country town where her uncle's way led in another direction from hers. It was still some eight miles to Tarrytown, but she thought little of an eight-mile walk. She had been brought up in a very different way from the girls of to-day, and the prospect before her occasioned her no uneasiness. If she did not reach home before dark, she could think of nothing to be afraid of.

She sat down in the little room which served as sitting and dining-room, and as the ride had been a weary one, she began very soon to feel drowsy, and it was not long before she fell asleep.

She was presently awakened by the sound of voices in the room. She did not stir, for the sense of being awake was hardly very active at that moment; but she opened her eyes, and a trifle to see who the other occupants of the room might be.

She could not help giving a little start of surprise when she made the discovery that her companions were men in the uniform of British officers.

"You'd better wake up the girl, Drake," one of them was saying. "It mightn't make any difference if she were to hear all we say, but we can't be too careful, you know."

"She's asleep," answered the other, "but anything short of an earthquake wouldn't wake her," answered the man called Drake. "There's no use in paying any attention to her. Go on with your plans, Thornton. I can't stay over half an hour, as I promised to meet Colonel Lee."

"Well, if you think it's safe, I'll risk it," answered Thornton, with a glance at Mary, who had closed her eyes, and was pretending to be fast asleep. "But if our plans should leak out before we get a chance to put them in operation, and get to the ears of the Americans, all our scheming's been useless."

Mary made up her mind that it was worth while to find out what those plans were. She wouldn't wake up yet awhile.

"You see," went on Thornton, "I've kept myself posted regarding the condition of affairs in the American camp, and I know they're pretty well starved out, but help is expected in a day or two. Now, if we can surprise them from north and south to-night, when they're entirely unprepared of danger, we can take them all prisoners, and if we're sharp after that, we can secure all the supplies they are looking for. They may be along any hour, and what we do must be done at once. If a detachment from your command can move down from your way north, about midnight, and have mine on the move, and—we've got them. That's the long and short of it. I've got my men scattered about between here and the camp, on all the roads and up and down the river, so that it is impossible for any one to communicate with it from this direction. Will you undertake the job with me?"

Mary listened to the whole conversation, and found out all she cared to know. She was apparently still asleep when the men took their departure.

"I must get word to the camp, in some way," she said, rousing up the moment the officers had left the room. "But, how am I to do it? If the roads are guarded, I will be discovered, and I run the same risk if I take to the woods."

She got up and left the room. It seemed as if she could think better of doors. She walked down to the river bank, and stood there for some minutes, casting about in her mind for a plan by which she could reach the American camp undiscovered and warn it of its danger.

Suddenly her eyes fell upon a tree-top which was floating down the stream, very near the shore. A swift idea came to her. Why could she not float down the river past the British soldiers under cover of the branches? It was not so great a distance by water as by the road, which crooked and twisted here and there to accommodate the scattered settlers. If she were to undertake this new way of navigation she felt sure she would reach the camp in time to put it to its guard, and enable it to save itself.

She watched her chance, and as the tree-top reached the bank in a bend below where she stood she clambered out upon it, and let herself down into the water, which was warm and not at all disagreeable. The thick branches hid her completely, as, with her arms supported by the limbs, she drifted along. Soon the tree-top reached the strong current and she moved along at a faster rate.

It seemed like a long afternoon to her. If she had estimated the distance by her impatience she would have called it ten times as great as it really was. More than once she passed soldiers on the banks, and her heart beat fast at the thought of possible discovery. But luck was with her, and when the sun went down she knew that she was not very far from the American camp.

When it was dark she concluded that it would be safe for her to run her head and craft ashore and finish her journey by land. She felt sure that the British had not ventured quite so near the camp as she knew she must be. She succeeded in paddling the tree-top to shore, and clambered out of it, with her heavy garments rendering it almost impossible for her to walk. She sat down and wrung them out as thoroughly as possible, and then started on. When she had climbed the hill she was not only greatly surprised but delighted to see the camp at her feet.

She was nearer home than she had supposed. That night the British drove an attack on the Americans; they were not only repulsed, but lost a large number of prisoners, among whom was Drake. The next day he saw Mary in camp, and recognized her at once. She could not help smiling to think of the failure of his plans, and that smile made plain the reason of his defeat to him.

"It's evident you sleep with your ears open," he said. "I'd like to know how you passed my soldiers!"

"I came down in the top of an oak tree," was her reply, and she left him to puzzle over the matter at his leisure.

WHILE WE SAUNTER ON THE BEACH.

SONG.

BY J. M. LARKIN.

Meet me where the beach-sands glisten
Neath the pale moon's gentle ray,
There together we will listen
To the murm'ring of the spray.

Then I'll gaze in rapture on you,
Meet your glance, and greet your speech,
Ling'ring fondly near your smile, love,
While we saunter on the beach.

There love's plaint may move compassion
For my being in your heart,
There again I'll breathe the passion
That my lips would fain impart.

Which may come without our reach,
Breathing vows, exchanging gladness
As we saunter on the beach.

If my fondest wish was granted
For ever there would stray,
On the beach sand's yielding surface
Near the ocean's turbid spray;

Hand in hand and hearts responsive
Bringing ecstasy to each,
Breathing vows, exchanging gladness
While we saunter on the beach.

Post and Plain ;

OR,

Rifle and Revolver in the Buffalo Range.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

IX.

THE ANTELOPE RUN.

At one corner of the stockade of Fort Polk there was a tall three-story block-house, built of heavy green timbers and chinked with clay. It was loop-holed for rifles all the way up, but the roof was flat and furnished with a high parapet of logs. This block-house commanded a view of all the prairie, and we could see it stretching out for miles on all sides of us up to a distant blue ridge of hills in the northwest.

The course of the Brazos river could be traced for miles by the fringe of heavy timber, for not a tree grew on the prairie outside of the river-banks.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the doctor came in to us to report that it was time to go after the antelope.

"I've got enough my work," he said. "This is the lastest post I ever was at. Only one man on the sick-list with a toothache, and I soon had his grinder out. Come up to the roof of the block-house and we'll find our game."

We all proceeded to the block-house and mounted to the roof, from which we could see the prairie spread out in the prairie, distinguished some moving dots of various colors.

"Those are mustangs," announced the doctor. "They come up close to the fort some times, but they don't mount drill outside. They seem to be puzzled about our horses; but we never disturb them."

"But, where are the antelopes?" asked Charley Green.

The doctor looked around for several minutes.

"I see three flocks in different places. You're not used to the green prairie, I see. Look you toward the dead tree on the river-bank. There's a flock there. You'll see them move in a minute. There."

"Surely, something was moving there, but we were unable to distinguish what."

"They are prong-horn antelopes," declared the doctor, positively. "There's another flock about half a mile to the right. You can't see them now. I saw them go over a swell as I came up. The flock went off in the prairie, and the river is off here to the right again. They're not two miles off, on the upper river, about eight hundred yards from the cover. Here, take my glass and see."

He handed us a large double field-glass and pointed out the antelope, almost invisible to the naked eye, but when we took the glass we could see the pretty creatures plainly. They were feeding in perfect security to all seeming. One was lying down in the grass, chewing the cud, and another was feeding on a plant. Every now and then one of the bunch would rush to another and a little fight would begin, terminated by one giving way, and being chased round and round by the other. It was delightful to watch them in motion. At full speed they were as fast as the wind, and they were visible and they looked more like birds in rapid flight than beasts of the field. They soon seemed to tire, however, for they never kept up the same long, and always returned to lie down by the doctor's side.

"Come, Mr. Moore, if we want antelope-steaks for supper we must be off. It will take us at least an hour to stalk those fellows."

So Jack and the doctor left the block-house and went down below. Soon after we saw them, and then the doctor, Jack carrying his rifle, and go straight toward the herd that we had disturbed in the morning.

Then we began to wonder what had become of Mart. The old hunter had disappeared, and no one could tell when he had gone. He had been seen only once since he had been seen later, down in the men's quarters.

"Never you mind Mart," said Major Bruce, who came up on the block-house roof as we were discussing this question. "The President of the Littleton Gun Club will give an account of himself before lattoo or I'm very much mistaken."

We concluded therefore to possess our souls in patience and watch the doctor and Jack Moore through the glasses that were furnished us. It was not long before all the officers of the garrison not on duty were upon the roof of the block-house, watching with us, for the sport bid to be interesting.

The antelope up the river were not more than a mile off and they could see Jack and the doctor just as plainly as we could. There was no talk, then, of the fact, as we watched them through the glass. The horsemen had hardly cleared the angle of the fort before every antelope was up and had stopped feeding. Then they gathered into a group—one of the prettiest sight I ever saw—stood with their great full heads lifted watching the progress of the hunters. They seemed uneasy, and every now and then shifted their positions, running from side to side, but always stopping again to stare.

The doctor and Jack did not ride straight toward any of the herds but took a course between them out toward the open plain. About a half-mile from the fort, a little dip in the ground hid them from view for a moment and when the horses came out, one of the riders was missing. The doctor, on a gray horse, was leading the bay on which Jack had started out with him, and it became clear to us that he had placed Jack in ambush behind him.

Now the horseman quickened his pace to a trot and struck out into the prairie, going away from the antelopes toward the distant herd of mustangs. Through the glass we could see the animals clustering together just as the antelopes had done, and turning to the other two herds of antelopes, they also had stopped feeding and were watching the doctor.

One can learn more of the habits of wild animals with a good glass and a commanding position than in any other way I know of," observed Bruce. "This will give you gentlemen an idea of the watchfulness of game. If you were down on the prairie now, without a glass, you couldn't see the game, but every animal within two miles has seen you and some of them much further. Those mustangs must be four miles off. Distances are very deceptive in these latitudes."

"But what is Doctor Jones going to do?" asked Charley Green.

"He's going to try to drive the antelope down on Moore's stand, of course. With all their keen sight, they don't seem to have sense enough to tell a horse from a hidden one, and they will be watching the doctor so close that they'll forget all about Jack, unless they wind him."

"Wind him? What do you mean?"

"Get to leeward of him, so as to smell him. You notice that these antelopes are all well to windward of the fort. They seem to hold the scent of human beings in such abhorrence that they escape it on all occasions. If the wind changed to day you'd see every wild animal in the neighborhood pass the fort to get to windward, and once there they'd stop and begin to graze with their heads to leeward. As soon as the doctor gets well to windward, you'll see them scatter."

We again turned our attention to the doctor. He had by this time trotted out nearly three miles from the fort and we could see the mustangs moving slowly off up wind, so far off that even with the glass we could not distinguish their forms clearly. The antelopes were all watching him as narrowly as ever, but a few of them had begun to feed again, stopping every now and then to stare.

At last the doctor turned his course toward the river above us and slackened his pace. He was now above the antelopes. From a slow trot he gradually dropped to a walk, and edged down toward the antelope that he had promised to shoot. He was still at least a mile from them when they began to show excitement, running together to and fro, and then halting to stare.

Presently the doctor disappeared from sight behind a swell. Hardly had he done so when the antelope herd started toward the fort at lightning speed.

"Now we shall see what Moore is made of," said Major Bruce, smiling.

As he said so, the doctor rode over the swell and started after the antelope at the same slow walk. He was hardly in sight before the antelopes stopped. They had only run for perhaps twenty or thirty seconds, but they had passed over nearly a third of a mile in that brief time. Now they stopped and repeated their antics, running to and fro, only to halt and stare again.

"Watch for Moore," said the major, and we remembered our comrade. We closely inspected the hollow into which he had vanished and at last descried old Jack on the further bank, lying at full length behind some low bushes, and waiting for the antelope. Then he pushed up his rifle in front of him, and examined the elevation of his rear sight, glancing at the antelope from time to time.

"If they don't start, he's got them," declared the major.

Hardly were the words out when we saw the flash of a rifle from the midst of the bare prairie not fifty yards to the right of the antelope. A graceful buck leaped high up in the air and fell dead, while his comrades, with one grand burst of speed, came charging toward the fort, past Jack Moore.

"By Jove, the old man's stolen a march on Jack!" cried Bruce, with a hearty laugh, as he pointed out the figure of the old hunter, who coolly rose and watched the retreating antelope as he reloaded his rifle. "He was stalking that very herd."

We could see Jack Moore roll hastily over and screw down his base sight in a nervous state of hurry as the antelope came skimming over the plain directly toward him. Then he swerved and turned back, but not on foot.

"I knew he'd miss them," quoth the major. "Jack's got the buck fever bad. Look at him!"

We could see him through the glass, stamping his foot and trying to get the empty shell out of his rifle, where it had stuck fast, to all seeming.

"Take it cool, Jack!" warned Bruce, quietly, as if the other could hear him. "No use swearing, old fellow—yes, I fancy I can hear them coming up by the dozen, all the bad words you know Jack Moore."

"Where's Mart gone?" suddenly asked Charley Green.

I turned my glass in that direction. Mart had vanished, but the antelope were scudding away across the front of the place where he had been, trying to get on from the path of the doctor who had now changed his pace to a gallop, and was trying to head them back.

"There he is," answered Bruce, coolly, as another antelope dropped, and up sprung the old man again from behind the grass, which grew high in that region, and stood coolly reloading his rifle a second time. Then he dropped again, just as suddenly, and the best glass in the party could not find him.

Now we turned our attention to the antelopes and the doctor. Our medical friend had peddled his old horse, and was riding at full speed to get the start of the antelopes. He was so near them that they sheered off toward the river below, and failed to gain the plain behind him.

"Now he's got them," observed one of the officers near us. "The river bend will keep them in."

We looked round, and, sure enough, observed that the fort stood on one side of the neck of land that united the prairie to the river, and the bend of the river, with the open prairie. The other herds of antelopes had carefully kept out of this bend, but those the doctor had driven, had entered it, in their fright.

They could only get out by passing the doctor, and he was waiting for them.

But where was old Mart?

We could not even mark the spot where the old hunter lay hid. It was just like the rest of the prairie.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 413.)

Work and Play.

BELLA N. asks: "Can you tell me how to prepare chocolate for putting between layers of cake? Also, how to make a wisp-cream case?"

Mix, in a tin, three-quarters of a cup of powdered sugar with an equal amount of grated chocolate. Add one-quarter of a cup of milk, one or two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and the beaten white of one egg. Beat and stir until it thickens slightly. This is the nicest of the various chocolate preparations we have tried for cake, and it is easily made.—Cut two pieces of pasteboard, each thirteen inches long, and eight wide; also, one piece of perforated board the same size. Paste a handsome picture or embroder an initial in the center of the perforated board. Cover both pieces of pasteboard neatly on both sides, with paper-muslin; then cover one with the perforated board and trim round with gilded satin ribbon. Under the edges of the ribbon, very securely, overhand the long sides of the two pasteboards together, leaving them open at the top and bottom. Add ribbon loop and bow at the top to hang the case by. Thrust the broom, handle down, in at the top, and when wanted, pull it through at the bottom. These cases are an ornament, and one should be hung upon every hat-rack, and in every bedroom. Use gilt, silver, white, black, or fancy-colored paper, according to choice, and trim with ribbon to match the prevailing color of the room.

Two GIRLS OF MENDON. In the "Dime Dialogues" are a considerable number of Acting charades expressly arranged for parlor presentation. Folding doors are desirable. They act as a very good drop or draw-curtain. Costumes for Charades are the same as for any dialogue or drama—on character. Tableaux are not "dramatic"; they are wholly in repose (silent) and statuque. They are necessarily in costume. Indeed, the costume is a leading feature of the exhibition. The "Mrs. Jarley Wax Works" are a singularly ludicrous burlesque on the tableau proper and the dialogue. No satisfactory or explicit "directions" can be given for such an exhibition. Seeing it once is enough. It is varied with every performance according to the skill and taste of the director. As all good Catholics and Episcopalians keep

Lent strictly, it would be well to put off your proposed exhibition until after Lent.

Mrs. E. A. J. We do not know of any pleasant diversion for an evening's play around the table than to take the following array or arrangement of letters and from them discover the name of any person, or any particular word:

A	B	D	H	P
C	E	I	J	Q
F	G	K	L	R
M	N	O	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y
Z				

Let the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is contained. If it be found in but one column it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns, and the sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time in this way, the whole can be ascertained. For example take the word Jane. J is found in the two columns commencing with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, where it stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed B, D and H; these are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet, which added give the fourteenth, and the use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing explanation.

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Sunshine Papers.

One of the Delights of Spring.

GENTLE spring has come and the time for colds—colds in the bones, colds in the head, colds in the throat, and colds that go quite from the crown of the head to the tip ends of the toes and up again; and poor mortals suffer "the tortures of the—" No! I will not use slang, even theological slang; let the sentence go unfinished.

There comes a bright, warm day, a succession of bright, warm days, and you stagger around under a weight of winter clothing, reeking with perspiration, scarcely able to breathe, physically growing weaker hourly, mentally becoming utterly and horribly stupid. Having gotten down to the lowest ebb of appetite and strength, you make a despairing resolve not to endure this state of things any longer. The next day dawns cloudless, sultry, with the mercury standing a great deal higher than it ought to stand unless it meant to retain its position for a respectable length of time. You make a comfortable change of apparel and go to shop, or to visit a friend, or to business. A few hours later you return home under leaden skies, with wintry winds howling about your pathway, and the thermometer down to almost zero. You feel as if you would like to put that miserable little instrument down altogether, bury it under the cellar bottom, perhaps; your feet are cold, your hands are red, you ache between the shoulders, your nose claims constant attention from a handkerchief, you shiver and chatter, as if, like Harry Gill, you were never to be warm again, and you feel in regard to the person who sits at home and greets you with "I told you so," that it would have been no grievous matter had he or she been a condemned heretic in the days of the Spanish Inquisition, so completely has the milk of human kindness been congealed within you.

For the next few days you are a victim to agonies to which pen has never done justice, just because the result would have been—no matter how many scientific terms had been used, how much eloquence expended, how much pathos indulged in, how much ink consumed, how many pens spoiled—only the description of a cold!

The most diabolical tinges of pain play tag up and down the perpendicular of your limbs, and chase each other around your hips, and skip playfully to and fro along your shoulder-blades. Where once you thought you had a back and a spinal column, you are only conscious, like the hymned sinner, of "an aching void, the world"—nor anything else—"can ever fill." Every bone of your body feels as if it had been engaged in a free fight, and every square inch of flesh as if sorely beaten. Your throat is filled with such delightful sensa-

tions as one might imagine could have been produced by rolling a lawn-mower down it. By turns, you think "eternal punishment" must consist of a lake of fire and a sea of ice, as you suffer alternately with scorching fever and horrid chills. You have an idea that it would be a profitable financial investment to sell your head as lead; certainly, no geologist, mineralogist, or any other "ogist," could detect the imposture. Your lips are of one of those indescribable colors over which fashion-writers waste quarts of ink and columns of words without making any one comprehend what they are talking about. Your eyes run "rivers of waters," and have rings about them suspiciously suggestive of temperate habits or frequent domestic differences. Your nose is flame-colored, sensitive to the touch, and constant and imperative in its demands of attention. And—yet—you have only a cold!

Never expect sympathy when you have a cold! You may cough and cry, and blow, and sneeze; you may ache, and burn, and shiver; but you must be just as amiable, just as active, just as industrious, as if you never felt better in your life. You must not mind squeaking shoes, loud voices, heavy footsteps, slamming doors; you must not lie abed one minute later, nor retire one minute earlier, than usual; you must not snarl at the children, nor ask husband to hold the baby awhile, nor demand that wife set a you a meal in your room; you have nothing but a cold!

One may have a respectable toothache, or an ornamental boil, or a delicate attack of fever, or a fashionable twinge of rheumatism, and turn the household upside down for their comfort and caprice, and have all the neighbors sending in jellies, and preserves, and commiserations; but, bless us! get the worst kind of a cold that ever transformed a decent-looking feminine into a creature as ugly as one of Macbeth's witches, and a strong man into a mockery of a human being, and all the sympathy vouchsafed for you is:

"Oh! a cold! I reckon every one has a cold this season of the year. I suppose you have been imprudent."

If one's eyes, and throat, and nose, did not claim all one's time, what a consolation it would be to get hold of some of these unsympathizing wretches and force them into some imprudence.

Imprudent, indeed! Boh! What is spring for, except to plunge people into imprudences and colds? And what consolation is there in leaving off a seal-skin sacque and wearing a light spring suit on Easter day, and getting a first-class cold, if no one is going to be sorry for you, and coddle you, and make as much time over you as if you had malaria, or dyspepsia, or a baby, or anything else of interest?

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

"GIVE CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE."

I DON'T think there is credit enough given to many people of the literary fraternity. They do not get their just deserts and are not treated as they should be. For instance, how often we come across an individual who will read a story, become intensely interested in and will acknowledge that his time has not been spent idly in its perusal; but who will never, for one moment, think to look to see who the author of the same is. It seems uncivil, as the said author has done so much to entertain, enlighten and instruct, to omit thanks to the pleasant narrator. Is it not due him or her? Is it not unjust to withhold our recognition of merit?

I don't think the public appreciate the author's work. How often, when I have been praising the work of some novelist, have I heard persons say: "Fshaw! what work can it be to write for the press! It must be the easiest thing in the world! All you have to do is to sit down, with your pen, ink and paper before you, and write!" What foolish misconceptions some people do make! Of course, ideas will come when you want them—to plots as thick as flies in summer time—a novelist does not have to study human, and sometimes inhuman, nature, as well as books—he must have no command of speech—no thought as to how his words must be chosen or how to fashion his statements. Oh, dear, no! These things must never be taken into consideration when judging of a novelist's task, which many think to be no task at all, but merely child's play. When I hear people talk of the easy lives these workers for the press lead, I have to keep my teeth pretty close together, lest I should say something that would sound very nice; but I think to myself that "all the fools are not dead yet," and so find a negative consolation.

I think there is not one-half credit enough given to the editors. Just think how much MS. they have to read—upon how many subjects they are asked for advice and information—how many articles they have to revise, correct and put in proper shape—how many editorials they have to pen—how many days they are at their desks, "through summer's heat and winter's cold," while others are taking a holiday. Think of how many tastes they have to gratify, how many thousands to please. Editors cannot be selfish. How can they be, when they live for others and not for themselves alone? They have to read, they do not like to reject manuscripts, they had far rather encourage than discourage, but they must be just, and we shouldn't raise a fuss if an article is returned to us occasionally as "unavailable." They can better estimate our works than we ourselves. They know better what the public demand than outsiders do.

How often is their heart appealed to by writers who are either ill themselves or have others dependent upon them for support. How often do the editors wish the productions of such writers were of market value, for they hate to add to a person's trials by the rejection of their work; but, what can they do? The public do not want poorly written articles, and the editors have the same public to please. They must let merit be the sole standard. It may seem hard toward those who are poor, but it is only justice. A little reflection will put this matter in a clearer light.

I think printers are too much abused when they make typographical errors; but when we come to consider how many thousands they do not make they should be praised more and censured less. To be sure, they have lost me one or two friends because they, the printers, made me call them, my friends, "cruel" when I wrote "cruel," they have put slang in my mouth when they have made me say a young lady was a "fraud" when I wrote "prude," and they have made me use bad grammar by making me say "them" girls when I didn't touch on that "m" at all; but I forgive them. I blessed them for not making more blunders over my "hen's tracks."

There! I have said a good word for author, editor and printer, and I shall expect they will say a good word for me, when I am berated.

EVE LAWLESS.

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.

WHEN the birds, with joyful notes, proclaim that "spring has come," we shake off our long winter nap and seem to be renewed and on the opening of a new life. Nature begins to be awake once more and we to waken with it. We bid adieu without regret to the short cheerless days of winter and commence to look forward to the change of earth's carpet, from white to green, with delight. Hours for pleasant rambles, cosy nooks by joyous rivulets to rest in and read; yes, read that great book of Nature that has so many "twice-told tales," yet always interesting, entertaining and instructive.

It is a time for the forming of new resolutions, of making plans to lead nobler, truer and better lives.

As Nature seems to revive itself, so should we. As Nature puts on a more cheerful aspect, why should not we do the same? Are these constant changes of the seasons going on without teaching us some lesson? Teaching us in some beautiful way!

Spring brings with it the cleaning of houses and stores, and it is a good time to clean up one's character as well. We groan through a winter and find fault with its coldness and dreariness, but, when spring-time comes, we are not half thankful enough at its approach. It is such a contrast to the days that have passed, that we ought to hail it with songs of joy and thanksgiving. It deserves it and ought to have it.

The good housewife goes about armed with a broom, sweeping the cobwebs from each nook and cranny, and if we would but take this time to sweep cobwebs from our brains, the season of spring would indeed be a joyful one to us. It is a good opportunity to get rid of some of our old-foggy, one-sided ideas, to rout out some foolish hobby we may have. If we see new labor-saving inventions, that are productive of much good, we must advocate their use, even if we cannot afford to purchase them for ourselves. We mustn't clog inventive genius; we must encourage it. Youth is the spring-time of life—a time when one is all ambition to gain success, and how wicked would we be were we even to wish to crush that ambition out if its aspirations were of a noble nature.

The young minds need as much cultivating as do the flowers, for they last longer. It never pays to crush true genius in the young, because you are not only holding them back but you are depriving the world of some talent which it stands in need of. Yet, every day, we see about us young men and women who are discouraged and disheartened by others, who will persist in throwing cold water upon their plans, and thoroughly drenching them with words that take all the courage out of them.

I often wonder why we are so careful in attending the frail flowers that have so short a life and neglect the wishes of those who are growing up around us, who have active brains, willing hands, noble minds and immortal souls.

F. S. F.

Foolscap Papers.

Saturday Night.

SATURDAY night! this is the end of the week; I might say that this is the other end of the week. The spirit pauses. The days have dried up and died and blown away since the last Saturday night fell on the earth like a brick-bat.

Saturday night. Seven days of the week are now gone and the meditative spirit looks back through its spectacles and softly whispers that they will never come again unless something drops over.

There is something sad, which is almost sorrowful, in turning round on the street to look back over the week to find that it is gone and you can't see it. The days have gone and even their footprints you can't notice in the mud. There was bright Sunday, blue Monday, dark Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, marriageable Thursday, black Friday, and this day was glad Saturday—the whole week gone and, of course, everything is dumb.

The tired workman is glad that it is Saturday night; he walks up and draws his wages and wishes it was next Saturday night, for then he would have two weeks' wages in his pocket. Thus would he prove himself a philosopher.

Saturday night is the last night in the week, and a man can say verily that he can do no more work in that week, whether he has done any work or not, and finds the idea quite a relief; and if you have done nothing during the week, you can content yourself that you can do the same to-morrow without getting tired.

From Monday morning to Saturday night is a long time if you are working by the day, and you will be led to think that Saturday night is much postponed, but it is sure to come if you work hard enough.

On Saturday night you are glad that there has been only six working days in the week that is gone, especially if you have been working by the week and growing by the hour.

Every minute this week you have looked up at the clock and wished that forty-nine wheels were out of it; have thought that strikes for more wages should be balanced by shorter hours.

This is the night that is looked to when a man sets in to work on Monday morning, and he would not care if he set in on Tuesday. It is almost too far off from Monday morning for imagination to reach to, and it wants to skip the intervening days. A man wants his days long in the land but short in the workshop. We did not know when we set in that this week would be stuffed so full of hours, but the week is now gone never to return unless something strange turns up. Many of us are a week older to-night. The thought is very weakening, but few of us are a week younger, and many are the Saturday nights we carry in our vest pockets.

To-morrow is a day of rest. This is a most cheerful thought. Those who have rested hard all week can prepare to do the same thing to-morrow with renewed energies, and those who have had a hard time to get along during the week can congratulate themselves that it is ended, and that they are about to commence another week off the same piece. The cares of this week are all done. The days went on in spite of them.

Several bills fall due this week. But the trouble is they fall no further. The days slipped by and had no spikes in their wheels to prevent them slipping either.

Saturday night! It is a time that brings everybody home; some of them pretty late, however—some are anxious to see the week out and somehow find themselves out too. This is a bad thing.

Everybody is richer on Saturday night than on Monday morning—if he gets any money on Saturday night; and the little that is left to

go into the missionary-box on Sunday is overpowering—to the heathen—to contemplate.

To look out, it does not look like the last night in the week; but it is. We begin to reflect on all the work and all the good things which we have done during the week to our honor and credit, but you know how short the nights are now, and we have got to prepare a frame of mind suitable for Sunday. To-morrow is Sunday, and we all look forward to it with enthusiasm, not that we all want to go to church, however, but that according to all law no work can be done. Nowadays there is only one Sunday in each week. To-morrow no bills can be collected, and all business transactions of that nature are null and void. You can face anybody on the street from whom on a week-day you would shy off to keep shy of, and all the dry goods stores are closed; your wife has a day of rest in which she can prepare for the coming week.

Saturday night! How does the tired and weary soul prepare to black its boots and get out its best clothes for Sunday, and growl at its wife if a button happens to have gone off with the week!

The contented housewife sits down in the middle of fourteen children to rest and recuperate herself by disguising the holes in the heels and toes of fourteen pairs of stockings, while she wonders where those holes could possibly come from. One boy says the holes in his stockings' toes must have fallen in; another says his heels kind of worked through, but the "good-natured, patient look on the mother's face" so much like a piece of the mild, gentle Saturday night, that it shines like a blessing all around.

Saturday night! How like the peaceful Saturday night of the long weary week of life! We begin Monday bright and cheerful, but we grow tired as the days go by and look forward to the quiet shadows of that last night of our week wherein we shall lie down in the sleep which dispels the cares of the week, to wake up in the Sunday morning whose passing hours point to no recurring Monday!

Quietly,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

A woman in Fairfield, Me., has a growth of natural hair eight feet and one inch long, and has refused, it is said, \$2,000 for it.

Mr. Lyman, geologist to the Japanese Government, reports that the island of Yesso probably contains 150,000,000 tons of coal not yet explored.

One white oak tree, taken from the farm of Mr. Rice, in West Virginia, brought \$84 after being split into whisky-barrel headings. According to this statement there must have been about 3,000 pieces.

A beaver in a Boston aquarium wore his lower teeth down to the gums by gnawing at a metal pipe, while the upper ones grew so long that they formed a complete muzzle, and had to be filed down three-quarters of an inch to enable him to eat.

The trunk of a tree three hundred feet high—or a section of it—from Mississippi, is to be among the wonders of the Paris Exhibition. Last year's geographical survey in Southern Utah revealed the fact that the areas occupied by standing timber are much smaller than those which are capable of supporting such growth. The destruction by fire greatly exceeds that of the woodman's ax, and it seems desirable that some methods for preventing forest fires should be devised, and as a measure of public economy, adopted in Utah, and perhaps in other Territories.

Behold the Senators' wives as they appear to a female correspondent: Mrs. Stanley Matthews, brisk, cheery, elastic, silver-haired; Mrs. Hamlin, forty, with sunny hair, rosy face, and intelligent, fine expression; Mrs. Angus Cameron, tall, airy, sylph-like, spirituelle and winning. Mrs. Dorsey, a beautiful and amiable brunette. Mrs. Secretary McCrary is described by the same correspondent of *The Syracuse Journal* as girlish and petite, with a blooming, happy expression; while Mrs. Sherman is tall and has a bright, smiling face, a profusion of chestnut hair, and a cordial, practical manner.

An atmosphere saturated with particles of fine flour is certainly highly inflammable, if not explosive. Several weeks since the men employed in one of the largest flour mills in Minneapolis, Minn., saw a volume of flame coursing through what is known as the blast-box, as a conductor used in carrying fine dust from the burrs to the open air. The workmen seized a number of fire extinguishers, and without excitement or confusion brought the flames under control, but not until the wood-work of the long box had been charred from end to end. The explanation of the origin of this fire is quite simple. The foreman conjectures that one of the burrs was revolving without feed, and while the upper stone was raised as usual, a nail or fragment of lime emitted a spark which was enough to ignite the fine dust which was carried through the blast-box.

Mr. Darwin's view is that all the complex and diversified forms of the fauna and flora, the animal and plant of the present day, are derived from simple initial organic points—a cell for example, by a process of growth, with infinite variation, and that those varieties which were best adapted to their surroundings were perpetuated and strengthened, while the ill-adapted perished in the struggle of life. This is the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. In the language of Mr. Darwin, a region was occupied by extremely prolific but swift hares, and by dogs or wolves dependent on the capture of these hares for their existence, naturally the longest-legged and fleetest dogs or wolves would be the most successful in the chase, and in competition with others would be perpetuated, while the shorter-legged and slower dogs would be starved out and disappear. The result would be the production of a race of grayhounds, if you please. Mr. Darwin leaves the question of the origin of life untouched.

In a recent meeting, at San Francisco, of the Senate Committee on Fisheries, the State Fish Commissioners, and a committee representing the fishermen of the coast, the question as to the destructive performances of the sealions in the harbor were actively discussed. One of the fishermen's representatives said that it was estimated that there were 25,000 sealions within a radius of a few miles, consuming from ten to forty pounds each of fish per day; the sealions were protected, while the fishermen were harassed by the game laws. Another witness declared that salmon captured in the Sacramento river often bore the marks of injury from sealions, having barely escaped with life; but it was supposed that the salmon less frequently fell victims to the amphibians than did other fishes that cannot swim as fast. The testimony about Chinese fishermen was very conflicting. On the one side it was said that they stripped the waters of young fish by using nets with small meshes. On the other, it was declared that the chief business of the Chinese fishery near San Francisco was to catch shrimp of which they obtained \$150,000 worth in a season; they also caught about 100 barrels of sturgeon per month. The Chinese never leave small fish to rot upon the shore; they are too frugal for such waste; the heaps were left by Italians, it appeared from this statement that Italians of the poorer class are also numerous about San Francisco.

Readers and Contributors.

Available: "If there was Nothing to Forget;" "The Return;" "To W. E. Sheridan;" "While We Saunter on the Beach;" "Have Faith in Each Other;" "Over His Grave;" "Patience;" "At Eventide;" "Rose;" "Which One Was True?" "Such a Bargain;" "Look Through;" "And She Did."

Unavailable: "I Sometimes Wish to Die;" "Love Me Little, etc.;" "A Tempter Tempted;" "Priscilla;" "Keep the Sweets You Have;" "Measure for Measure;" "Widow's Corner;" "When Love Awaits;" "Boarding;" "And She Did."

SILVER STAR. The teacher was equally ignorant and impertinent, and you should have said as much, as a proper rebuke. Advice her, also, before expressing an opinion hereafter to try and know a little about the thing she judges.

STELLA. Don't deny the youth your confidence because he is so much younger than you. Your influence over him might be all important. Being older and wiser, you can properly permit an intimacy that will make him think "all the world of you."

HENRY K. ORATE or "flowery" orography is never desirable. It is like too many ribbons on a pretty face—distracting. Strive for a clear, graceful, rapid hand.—Be good and you'll be happy. Let your sister have no cause to complain. Make her glad that she is your sister.

WILLIAM M. MAID. We certainly do not approve of such modes of obtaining notice. A woman who is a lady will never make herself a town's talk to obtain notoriety. It is in associating with her you also share her reputation nothing will be gained but something lost—at least, so it seems to us, as you state the case.

D. J. M. Poems to persons, or on special events, usually are unavailing because they are not of interest save for the parties concerned, and in the majority of cases are not poetry, in the proper sense. Lines, written in rhythm and rhyme, are no more poetry, because so written, than a woman is a lady because prettily dressed.

G. W. D. Buffalo Bill (Hon. W. F. Cody) is new in the prime of life—is traveling with a theatrical troupe in the States acting "character" parts in his own dramas. He has lived many years on the plains and is all that is represented as Indian-fighter, scout and hunter. He was not present at the Mountain Meadow Massacre, which occurred when he was a mere boy.

CORALIE. Since you are not even tacitly engaged you do right to accept the company of other gentlemen. Treat her with respect, and do not do so. Gentlemen, indeed, don't like to seek for the company of an engaged lady, so you should go freely into society, and with others than your seeming suitor, as to let all see that you are not engaged. If your suitor objects to this let him declare himself at once.

ISABEL. That dreams oftentimes do come true is not to be denied, but "dream interpreters" are merely pretty fictions. For your friend to have the same circumstances recurring in several dreams may encourage the hope on your part that it may prove true, or, at least, is a warning to part. You may help that consummation by not disdaining to hope and plan for it, for that surely is one of your reserved rights.

SMOKE SHOP. Any good seedsmen's catalogue will give you the required information. As to peas we plant, about March 15th, the Alpha, Laxton's Profusion Long-Pod, and Champion of England—all at one sowing, and in rows four feet apart, and twelve days apart; then plant one more planting of Champion and we have peas in perfect succession and steadily bearing up to Sept. 1st. Very late planted peas don't amount to anything useful.

DION FLAME. Mr. Darwin is not the originator of the doctrine of Evolution. This doctrine is not new. He has only become its great exponent or formulator. His book has surely made notable contributions to some special line of investigation on the origin of species—the adaptation and modifications known as the "survival of the fittest," or "natural selection," etc., etc.—See as item in our Topics for a statement of Mr. Darwin's position.

"TYPE." Show young lady Number One by your speech and manner that you take no notice of her assumption. Treat her with respect, and do not do so when you see her, and do not seek her company. No lady will force herself upon you. Make your declaration of love to Number Two, and if accepted proclaim the fact of your engagement, and by your attentions to your betrothed show all your acquaintances where your heart is, and your allegiance.

JAS. B. R. Prince Albert before his marriage with Queen Victoria (Feb. 10th, 1840) was Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—a second son of Duke Ernest I. of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, therefore inherited nothing. He was cousin to the queen, his wife. He was naturalized by formal act of Parliament (Feb. 10th, 1840) with the title of Royal Highness and Prince Consort. Victoria's mother (Duchess of Kent) was a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—Prince Albert's own aunt.

COMUS, Chatham Village. Your explanation is not very clear; but we presume you mean that you are engaged for the dance to the young lady whom you look to the ball. It is never necessary to apologize to a gentleman for claiming your promised partner for a dance. Simply bow to the gentleman with whom she is talking and come to the dance with a reminder that "this is our dance." She, too, will bow to the gentleman, and then you may lead her away. If the dance is not a promised one, you apologize to the gentleman, simply, and quietly prefer your request to the lady.

M. E. A. H. The sample will wash and retain its color, but it will not be apt to look as glossy as when new. Is it not possible to extract all spots from it and turn it? We can tell you how to do it out any kind of spot if you will mention the nature of the stain. However, if you desire to wash it, first wash out grease with warm water, then with soap, or spirits of hartshorn, then dissolve a teaspoonful of borax in a pint of water. Soak the goods in this a little, squeeze dry, and do not wring; then wash in clear water, and hang in the air to dry and dry. While still damp press smooth and dry, upon the wrong side, with hot iron; it will dye any dark color, but does not dye nicely.

HELEN LAWRENCE SAYS: "Some people, when asked a question, instead of saying 'yes' or 'no,' or a word as near like that as I can represent the sound, will say 'perhaps' or 'I don't know' or 'I am not sure' or 'I am not certain' or 'I am not positive' for a person to ask her child if it will have some of a certain article of food, before any grown person has said 'yes' or 'no' is a waste of time. Some people always ask a question and immediately after it, before any one can answer, say 'Ha!' Please answer these questions, as a friend and myself have had some of these 'yes' or 'no' questions. It is only well-bred to say 'yes' or 'no' in a distinct and courteous manner. All slang and made-up words are vulgar.—A child should be the very last person heard at table and never the precedence of a grown person.—The trick you mention is horrible! Omit the 'ha'!"

DIOXOS. A garden plot, two by three rods, will produce enough vegetables for four persons for the summer and fall if properly treated. See some good catalogue for planting directions. Lay off with path through center, say thirty inches wide, and walk around the plot, leaving a path six inches wide—this walk to be two feet from fence to allow of a continuous bed. Give up this bed to your flowers and vines—grapes to have at least one side. This will leave the whole plot, inside this walk, for vegetables. Make beds by treading out a narrow path—beds to be three feet wide for easy weeding. Don't try to use potatoes or corn. These you can buy cheaper than you can raise. Put in lettuce, beets, radishes, peas, bush-beans, carrots, parsnips, salsify, onion, cucumber, bush squash and one bed of raised herbs, parsley, sage, etc. Put in cabbages, come out put in cabbage-plants and celery. Take the end of plot for tomato vines. This will give you plenty to do, mornings and evenings, and will keep your table well supplied with nice fresh vegetables.

NENE SAYS: "I have dark brown eyes and hair, clear dark complexion, red lips and cheeks, am four feet eight inches in height, and weigh one hundred pounds. Would a princess basque and skirt look well on me? Of what color should it be? Of what material? Would silk and cashmere come in?" There are no princess basques and skirts. You probably refer to a princess dress, which is a single garment, like the Gabrielle dress, once so fashionable, and still worn by children. Princess dresses are handsome, and a very easy dress, but we consider them in better style for a house, evening or visiting costume than for a street suit, as they need to be made with a long train to give them grace, and short dresses are now used for the street. Any of the spring goods in moderately dark colors would make you a becoming suit. If you use silk and cashmere get gray cashmere and even it with slight silk trimmings of cardinal, but turquoise, pearl, or some very light or very bright color. Any of the light olive-green or brown shades of dress-goods delicately spotted with gay threads make extremely handsome suits, trimmed with silk of the same color, or without any trimming but rows of buttons and rows of machine-stitching, like quilting. The ordinary street, church, and walking costume is a short, trimmed skirt, a basque and a cut-away jacket.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

IF THERE WAS NOTHING TO FORGET.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

If there was nothing to forget
There would be nothing to regret,
The past would lose its wall
That comes with many a stinking sob—
That comes with many a lone heart-throb—
And tears of no avail.

The hands which clasped once in our own,
The love that glowed when faith had grown
To blossom, haunt us still,
And shadow all our lives across
With a complaining sense of loss
Which nothing now can fill.

The dream of bliss which once has been,
The smile that sweetened many a scene,
Oblivion cannot eloy,
And Lethe's stream no longer flows,
Nepenthe's balm no longer soothes
Are fruit of former joy.

Typical Women.

ZENOBIA,
Queen of the East.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

ONLY at rare intervals does a crowned woman come to the surface on the always tumultuous current of Eastern History. The civilization of the East reduced women to the position of an inferior. She was, in Christ's time, and had been from immemorial time, in all the great monarchies of Persia, Assyria, Babylonia, Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor, etc., a creature to obey, not to command, hence a reversal of this order argued an extraordinary and exceptional character in the woman.

Such certainly belonged to Semiramis, under whose strong reign and religious Babylon became one of the wonders of the world; to Cleopatra, whose twenty-eight years of magnificent rule was the culmination of Ptolemaic civilization and greatness; to Zenobia, by whose learning, enterprise and liberality the city in the Syrian desert—Solomon's Palace—came to be one of the most renowned of all the great cities in the East—the Palmyra, whose stupendous ruins stand, to this day, far out in the desolate plain of Syria, an amazing evidence of the glory which the Queen of the East shed upon her age during her brief reign.

The Roman army, under the Consuls, Triumphs and Emperors, first overran all of southern and western Europe; then, having absorbed all the old Greek provinces, crossed the Hellespont and gradually advanced, conquering, until all of Syria and Persia itself, passed under the Roman rule. Such vast dominions were only maintained by ceaseless watchfulness and the presence of armies; but Persia, under the great Artaxerxes (A. D. 225) rose against its conquerors and regained the government. The Emperor Valerian himself, passing under the sword with a vast army against the successor of Artaxerxes—the Shah Poor (Sapor). In this effort to regain the lost province he was greatly assisted by an Arab chief named Odenathus, who, with his wild cavalry, was invaluable to the Romans. Valerian, however, was defeated by the Shah (A. D. 260) and taken prisoner, and the remnant of his legions found their way back to the Mediterranean ports, leaving the brave emperor to a most wretched and degrading captivity. But Odenathus continued the war. He skill, daring and popularity called to his standard so many Arabs and Romans that he at length defeated the Shah, and twice raided almost up to the very gates of Isfahan, hoping to recover the captive.

For these services he was commissioned, by Valerian's son and successor, Gallienus, "General of the East," which made him virtual king and master of all the country from Persia to Egypt. Of his favorite "City of Palms," Palmyra, on the very borders of the great Syrian desert, he made his capital at once, as significant as a city and important as a commercial mart, on the direct line of caravan traffic between India and the Mediterranean.

Zenobia, wife of this valiant man, was his constant companion in all his campaigns. Uncommonly beautiful, beautiful, courageous and confident, she freely participated in command, and historians are constrained to admit that for her was due a large share of her husband's enterprise and good fortune. Septimia Zenobia was the child of an Arab chief, and grew up on the desert, to be given in marriage, while yet a mere girl, to a man of her race. She was a widow before she was eighteen, and then wedded the chief of several tribes, Odenathus, whose daring spirit found in the marvellously beautiful woman a congenial spirit, and loving one another tenderly, they rapidly advanced to supreme authority under the Roman rule.

Odenathus and his son by his first wife were assassinated in the year 267, by conspirators at whose head was his nephew, Mesodorus, who hoped to succeed to power, but Zenobia, strong in the affections of the people and the soldiery, assumed the government, in the name of her three sons by Odenathus. She soon, however, dropped all disguise of a regency, and adopting the title of "Queen of the East," prepared to defend this virtual independence of Roman authority. The Emperor Gallienus dispatched his general Heracianus to dispossess her, but Zenobia was ready for this test of her courage, power and ambition. Leading her own army, she met and totally defeated the Romans in a pitched battle.

This seems to have inspired her with desires for conquest. The Roman empire was then in its decline. Civil war at home and the revolt of subjects abroad, provided her with a fit moment for the daring woman to strike for a larger domain and to recover Egypt, which after Cleopatra's destruction, had passed wholly into Roman possession. She claimed, indeed, a descent from the Macedonian kings who founded the Empire at the West. End of London. Some days had been spent in the business with his solicitors that had brought the young marquis to town.

He did not delay another visit on which he had resolved: to the physician who had always attended the family when in town, and who knew every member of it almost as well as his own children. To this faithful friend and skillful adviser the young man confided his misgivings and fears for his mother's reason. He related what had occurred, and gave his own impressions.

No; the Marchioness of Estonbury had never shown the slightest symptom of aberration of mind. Her family, as far back as it could be traced, had no such taint; had no taint of any disease. She came of pure and vigorous stock. Her health had always been robust; she had scarcely known what sickness was. Dr. Harcourt decidedly was of opinion that her mind was perfectly sound, and that her strange conduct must be due to some other cause. She had always shown an imperious and determined temper; and when her heart was set upon an object, she would move heaven and earth to accomplish it.

He had known several instances in which mortals seemed devoid of affection for their offspring; an alienation which amounted to positive aversion in one or two whom he could name. And he had known ladies who surrendered their whole hearts to a misguided affection for some alien to their own blood. It must be so in this case. Lady Estonbury had taken an unaccountable fancy to the young girl born under her protection; she had found the object of her regard deserving, and had, unwittingly at first, nourished in the girl an attachment for her son. She felt herself responsible for the growth of this passion; the girl was a dependent on her care; and she was resolved to marry her

to the marquis. She fancied she would thus secure the happiness of both, while she gratified the love that had wound itself round her own heartstrings. That kind of fascination was not uncommon. Lady Estonbury's iron will made her firm as a rock in resolving to carry out her wishes.

Lady Estonbury was constrained to accept this explanation; but he was not satisfied. He induced Dr. Harcourt to promise that he would pay a visit at Estonbury Court, and observe her ladyship closely, while talking with her as a friend. He would communicate the opinion resulting from his interview at once to the marquis.

Reginald was in his chamber one afternoon, of the day before the time fixed for his departure for Scotland with Ralston. His business was concluded; his yacht was under orders to meet the young men, as soon as their tour in the mountains was finished, at a certain point on the coast; the prospect seemed fair for a pleasant trip, and the young man's heart bounded as his fancy roved to the spot which was his first destination. He had written twice to the Baron of Swinton, once, soon after his father's burial; a second time, after their arrival in London, to say he hoped soon again to claim his hospitality. There was a warmth in the tone of the letter, which he intended to convey something of the feelings of his heart. His chivalrous homage, too, was breathed in the message sent to the baron's fair daughter. If he could, he would thus have told the story of his love.

He was seated in his chamber at the hotel. The windows and bed were curtained with embroidered white muslin. Flowers and glossy-leaved evergreens stood in vases on either side of an oval swinging dressing-glass, on the marble top of a bureau. The walls were hung with four pictures in black walnut frames, leaving much of the space bare. The carpet was light, of a neat pattern, with clusters of flowers in the center of squares. The furniture was of the modern style, different from the massive antique of former days.

The door was open leading into the parlor belonging to the suite. It, too, was tastefully furnished, and was the handsomest hotel afforded.

"Come in!" the young peer called out, in answer to a light tap at the door of his parlor.

"Come in, Frank! Why do you use the ceremony of knocking?"

The door opened slowly and softly. The rustle of a woman's dress was heard, and the "Traveler's Guide" he had been consulting, to make himself familiar with the projected route through the Highlands, and walked into the outer room.

He wondered that the servant had not announced a stranger's visit. By this time the woman had entered. She made a formal curtsy, and drew aside her veil.

"Mrs. Chisholm!" he exclaimed, in utter astonishment. "Tell me at once, has anything happened to my mother?"

"I am glad, indeed, to hear it. Why, then, did her ladyship send you to me?"

"My lady did not send me; leastwise she did not tell me to come, though I knew I would be sent, and she approved of it," the woman answered, faltering sadly in her embarrassment.

"Then you have left service at the court?"

"I have, my lord. It was my duty to come with the lady."

"And what can I do for you, Mrs. Chisholm?"

He had not offered her a seat, though she looked as if one would be welcome; nor had he taken one himself. He felt annoyed at her conduct, and he was not in the mood to be gracious.

"I have an engagement this afternoon, and am on the eve of a journey. Please to be brief, therefore, in saying what you wish me to do for you."

The woman shuffled from one foot to the other, glanced about her, and seemed at a loss how to begin. Then she retreated toward the door, which was still open, and beckoned to some one outside.

A man advanced from the head of the stairway, came to the door, and boldly entering, stood before the trembling woman.

"A strange proceeding this," said Reginald.

"How is it, Mr. Chisholm, that you venture into my presence in this way?"

"To support the courage of my wife," the man replied, with a touch of the former's defiant insolence. "She can never get through with what she undertakes."

"She comes with news, then?"

"Ay, news of importance to all of us."

"But she said her lady was well."

"Sir, not that. We are here to disclose to you, sir, the secret which your lady mother—

—as you call her—shrank from telling you."

"You deal in enigmas which I do not care to study. If there be any secret concerning your late mistress and myself, I prefer to hear it from her."

"She—my lady—tried to tell you; but she could not. Proud lady though she is, there are some things that humble her, and ought to crush her to the very dust."

"This is a language to use in my presence, and I shall hold no discourse with you—

—with either of you—on a subject in which my mother is involved."

"Oh, my lord!" cried the woman, wringing her hands. "Let him speak! My lady bade him say that. We are here to tell you that from others who do not care for you."

"And the secret will soon be public property!" added the ex-steward.

"Speak, then, as briefly as possible!"

"The greatest of secrets," the man went on to say, "may be averted if you will only listen to her ladyship, and fulfill her dearest wishes: If you would do as she desires, marry the young girl she loves so tenderly, all may yet be well."

"Silence!" exclaimed the young nobleman, in a rage. "Do you dare intrude yourselves on me here, to urge me to disgrace my name and lineage? Lady Estonbury could not have sent you for this!"

"She did, my lord!" passionately wailed Mrs. Chisholm, with her last hope, as it is her dearest wish in life."

"Preposterous! This is your scheme, from beginning to end! I see through it; and I only wonder how you ever obtained an ascendancy so great over your lady's mind as to lead her to think of such a thing for your daughter."

"You refuse to marry her, then?" asked Chisholm.

"Sir, your insolence passes bearing! Leave the room instantly, or I will ring for the servants to put you out."

"Oh, listen to him a moment—only one moment!" pleaded the woman, with streaming tears.

"Have done with all these supplications," stormed her husband. Then, addressing Reginald, who had walked to the bell and had his hand on the rope, he added:

"You must hear the truth, then, for the first time in your life. Lady Estonbury wishes you to marry no daughter of ours. Helen is not our child, but her ladyship's own daughter!"

"Are you mad, fellow?" cried the young man, contemptuously.

"I speak the solemn truth, as you will find from the proofs I shall produce."

"Helen my mother's child? My sister?"

"Not your sister! You are not the son of the Marchioness, but of her late husband."

It seemed a dark conspiracy to wring from him his consent to the wild scheme his mother had nurtured.

"It is true—too true!" sobbed the woman, lifting her clasped hands upward. "We have kept the secret faithfully till now, for my lady's sake! She knew my lord—her late husband—was longing for an heir—for a boy to inherit his title. He raved continually of a boy; he told her ladyship he would live with her no longer if the child she was to bring him did not

prove a boy! He tormented her night and day; she knew he would die of the disappointment. If it was not as he wished! She had lived many years childless, and now her very life depended on this one thing!"

"Yes," added Chisholm; "for my lord would have sent her away—in disgrace, as it were—if the expected birth disappointed his hopes."

"And you expect me to believe this folly of my father?" cried Reginald.

"Do not interrupt me. My late lord was from home when my lady's hour came. She gave birth to a girl!"

Chisholm's wife here took the word.

"They thought my lady would have died—even the nurse and the doctor—when she knew it. I was just recovering from my own confinement the night she sent for me, to our house; and my husband took me in his arms to the carriage, and carried me up the grand stairs to my lady's apartments. The nurse met me at the door, and whispered: 'Do everything she bids you—and save her life if possible!' The doctor said he had little hope of her."

"And my father was absent?"

"He was not expected for a week. He had gone to London."

"Well—go on."

"My lady was in a high fever, and I saw in a moment her danger. Contradiction would have killed her. She drew my head down close to her lips, and whispered: 'It is not a soul but the nurse and the doctor know the sex of her child. She implored me to be true to myself, to grant her prayer: to let the infants be exchanged!'"

Reginald, white as death, dropped into a chair and covered his face with one hand. The woman went on:

"I could not refuse to save her life. I meant to confess all to my lord when she died. The boy, my own child, was brought from our house just after midnight, by my husband, who told the servants that I was to stay all night with my lady, and must nurse him. You know we lived in the cottage at the end of the park, and none of the servants, nor any of the neighbors, had been to see me since the birth of my boy. He was brought into my lady's chamber; he was dressed in her child's clothes, and laid beside her. I took the little new-born girl into my bosom."

"Did the doctor—as it is Dr. Harcourt—countenance this fraud?" demanded the young man.

"Dr. Harcourt did not come for three days afterward. You see, the birth had been ten days before it was expected. Another doctor had been called in haste from a village in the neighborhood—ten miles distant."

"Did he support the trick?"

"He never knew of it. As soon as my lady recovered, she made my lord take her away for change of air. They went abroad that summer, and more than a year and a half passed before they came home. The village doctor was told that her little girl had died, and the boy had been born later."

She continued:

"I had been ordered to say nothing of the child to any one, because it was weakly and like to die; and my lady wished it believed that her first-born was a boy."

"He assented to this falsehood?"

"I paid him a heavy sum, myself, to keep the secret, and Chisholm. But he really believed the little girl died before my lord and lady went abroad."

"And the register of the birth?"

"That was made at the time I speak of, and of the baptism, four weeks afterward."

"The date of the registered birth was of the time when, as you say, the children were exchanged?"

"It was."

"And there is no registration of any subsequent birth?"

"None; for there was no other. Lady Estonbury never had another child."

After a pause, Reginald resumed:

"You are aware that I cannot take all this as fact, upon your word only?"

"I am prepared for disbelief," answered the ex-steward. "He took a paper from the breast-pocket of his coat, and handed it to the young man. 'Here is a letter from her ladyship.'"

Reginald took the letter. He saw that it was a long one, and refolded it. He was not then in a state of mind to examine the proofs. Chisholm gave him three other letters, on paper yellow with age. They were from the maid to her absent mistress, giving accounts of the health of the little girl, once or twice named as "Your ladyship's dear child." These were laid with the others on the table.

"You may leave me," said Reginald. "I will look at these papers, and then they must go to my solicitors. Leave your address and be ready to give your testimony when they send for you."

A glance was exchanged between the ex-steward and his wife.

"I have another message to give you," the man added. "It would be Lady Estonbury's wish that the matter should rest here, and the secret never be divulged. If you, sir, will submit to her will, it may be as well."

Reginald started to his feet. The flush of indignation swept in a crimson flood over his face.

"What!" he exclaimed, "if I will join in the conspiracy, I may be allowed to keep the stolen title and estates! Leave me, before I lose my self-control altogether!"

"You may be angry," retorted the man, "but you cannot deny that you still owe respect and duty to her ladyship. She bade me say that if you still refused to do her bidding, and thus drove her to the confession of the secret she has kept so long, she would immediately send for Mr. Maurice Howard. He is the heir, you know, failing issue of the late marquis—and she will marry her daughter to him. She is resolved that Helen shall reign at the court."

"I have requested you both to go, now," replied Reginald, taking no heed of the man's last words.

"Oh, Reginald—my son!" cried the weeping woman, with her hands clasped in prayer, "spare yourself—this terrible sorrow! Think what it would be to lose everything!"

Sternly the young man motioned to them both to quit the room. Chisholm placed a card on the table, with his address, and whispered to his wife, as he led her to the door:

"Let it work, and say no more! He will come down anon."

The two passed out without a word. Only the woman turned an imploring glance backward. But Reginald saw it not. His arms were thrown on the table; his face was buried in his hands.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOR SCOTLAND.

AFTER twilight had come on, Frank Ralston returned from his long walk, and found Reginald in the same attitude of despair. He was alarmed seriously, when the young man lifted a white and haggard face, with eyes suffused as if by bloodshot, and seemed scarcely to hear his friend's repeated entreaties to know what was the matter. Then he wiped the great drops from his forehead, and pressed it with both hands, before he was able to give any clear account of what had happened.

Reginald had no idea of concealment. If the fearful tale to which he had listened were true, there was but one course for him. But the shock had thrown him off his balance for the time.

He gave Frank a full recital of the story told him by Chisholm and his wife. He placed the papers they had brought as evidence, in his hands. He wanted the help of his clear judgment, not to determine his course if the truth had been disclosed, but to ascertain if it were the truth.

The letter of Lady Estonbury contained her own narration, which fully sustained that of her maid and the steward. She confessed the fraud practiced, by the imposition of a boy not hers on her husband as his heir, leaving his own daughter to be brought up as the child of Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm. She added her solemn oath to confirm this statement, and excused her con-

duct by dwelling on the cruel usage received from her husband, and his threats of some terrible calamity and disgrace hanging over her if she could not gratify his wish for an heir to his title and estates.

He had once said that if her child should not be a boy, he would know where to find an heir, of his own blood, too; and Lady Estonbury had been terrified by apprehensions of a previous marriage. She had known there was some mystery in his life, she said; and dreaded its revelation. Hardly any woman in her case, she thought, would have scrupled to act as she did.

She added, that she naturally shrunk from a public disclosure of these facts, and the blame that would be heaped on her. If Reginald would become the husband of her daughter, all should be buried in oblivion forever. If he refused, she would at once communicate with Maurice Howard, a distant cousin of the late marquis. He had seen Helen and greatly admired her. She would make her the wife of the true heir.

An exclamation of scorn escaped Reginald more than once during the reading of this letter. "In any case," he said, "ought I not to be thankful to Frank, that such a woman never gave me birth?"

"I should think so, indeed," returned young Ralston.

"But am I much better off?" his friend murmured, with a groan of anguish, "to be the son of Chisholm and his wife?"

"I do not believe it! I cannot believe it!" cried the Scot, springing up and pacing the room.

"I now see clearly many things that have always seemed mysteries to me! The man, Chisholm, seemed to have secret power, of some sort, over Lady Estonbury. I have noted it on several occasions. She bore everything from him, and that nourished his native insolence till it became unbearable. Then, her infatuation for the girl, Helen, and she—she was too refined, pure and gentle for such parentage! It always seemed so to me."

"What do you mean to do, my boy?" asked Frank, after a long silence. "It seems to me transportation would be too good for these plant tools of 'my lady.'"

"If they are punished she must be! I know not how the law would deal with them."

"Apparently, fear of punishment leads her ladyship to propose the alternative: marriage with her daughter, and undisturbed possession of the title and estates."

"It would seem so; else why should she be willing to wed her daughter to one of low birth—the child of menials in her employ?" said Reginald, with a moan he could not suppress.

"She counts on your unwillingness to relinquish it! And the girl is really better, not less, of her noble birth! Would grace a title! Reginald, have you weighed the matter?"

Reginald looked him in the face, his noble soul flashing in his eyes.

"Weighed the proposal, do you mean? Ralston, do you think I would give away my thought, for one instant, to such a proposition?"

"It would be a temptation to most men."

"If I am not the rightful heir to the marquisate do you think I would wear the title another hour? If Maurice Howard is the real lawful Marquis of Estonbury, could I be bribed to disavow him?"

Frank grasped his friend's hand, and pressed it warmly between both his own.

"You shall go with me to Scotland, and we will consult my father. All this may be a falsehood; a trap; a conspiracy."

"It may be; and I must have other advice. I must see my solicitors at once. They will examine those people; will see Lady Estonbury; will hunt up such evidence as can be found. They have my interests at heart, and they will cleave to me as long as there is ground on which to stand."

"I should let the affair go to the courts for decision."

"Perhaps there will be no need of that. I would avoid the unnecessary publicity. I would spare the guilty woman; ay, and her tools. I cannot bear the thought—but, Frank—they may be my parents!"

"Never! A nature so noble, so high and pure as yours, never was inherited from such people."

"I confess my mind revolts against the idea. The loss of title and estates would be a less calamity, in my estimation."

"See your solicitors, my boy, in the morning, and leave the affair in their hands. You must go with me to Scotland."

"How can I go?" groaned Reginald, again covering his face. "Ah, there is the bitterness of worse than death!"

"I understand you. Say nothing to the lady of your love till all is decided."

"But, how can I see her, and wear for a moment honors that may not be rightfully my own? And how can I breathe the same air and not hasten to throw myself at her feet?"

"If she really cares for you the loss of fortune ought to make no difference."

"But, Frank, you talk like a school-boy. Do you imagine that the Baron of Swinton would tolerate the suit, or even the presence, of one in my strait? Ah! I was so proud! I was glad my love was of ancient and high lineage, for it matched my own. I despised poor Helen, thinking her born of such base blood as mine may prove to be."

The agony with which these words were uttered touched Ralston's heart. He renewed his importunities, and obtained at last a promise from Reginald that he would go with him to his northern home.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OUTLAWED KNIGHT.

THE ancient mansion of Stone Crag was enlivened with unusual gaiety. The hospitality of its lord was claimed by Sir Victor Wilder, who was suspected in all the neighborhood of having matrimonial intentions.

The baron was not ignorant of his admiration for the beautiful Alicia, though he had never said a word had been spoken to him on the subject. The gentleman's father had been an old friend, and on that score the young man was always welcome.

Yet, Sir Victor was not a companion at all to the beautiful Alicia, who was never for hunting which was the elder man's passion; he abhorred the hounds, and was not fond of riding. Rather effeminate was he, and careful to a degree of his person and well-dressed person. Tall and finely formed, with delicate features and a complexion white as milk, with tawny curling hair and beard, he was wont to bestow much time every day, with his valet's assistance, on an elaborate toilet. He breakfasted often in his room; and rarely joined the early morning meal of the baron and his daughter.

About noon he would enter the drawing-room or library, with the grace of one used to society, and spend hours toying with the silks and worsteds in the embroidery basket of his fair hostess, or in poring over newspapers that had come by the last post.

Or he would walk on the terrace, if he saw Alicia there, shiver in the crisp breeze, or praise the delightful coolness of the weather, and sometimes entice her to an arbor, where, throwing himself on the grass at her feet, he would read aloud, from a book of new poems, selections which he gave with really fine elocution.

This was ever agreeable to Alicia, who loved poetry dearly. Sometimes her guest would beg her to practice duets with him. He had a splendid tenor voice, and had cultivated it with assiduous care. Such accomplishments had always secured to Sir Victor Wilder the special favor of the fair sex.

A strong contrast to this courtly gallant was the rude, uncultured, yet really handsome young savage, Herrick Maur. He had arrived some time ago, weary and anxious; had refused to mix with the family, and had retired to the suite of rooms prepared for his occupancy. These were exactly similar to those of Sir Victor, but on the opposite side of the corridor; they were furnished, too, in the same manner; for the baron had determined to treat the young

Lady Helen's Vow;

OR,
THE MOTHER'S SECRET.

A Romance of Love and Honor.

BY THE LATE MRS. E. F. ELLIST.

CHAPTER XII.

A STRANGE DISCLOSURE.

LORD ESTONBURY and Frank Ralston were seated at the White Star, End of London. Some days had been spent in the business with his solicitors that had brought the young marquis to town.

He did not delay another visit on which he had resolved: to the physician who had always attended the family when in town, and who knew every member of it almost as well as his own children.

To this faithful friend and skillful adviser the young man confided his misgivings and fears for his mother's reason. He related what had occurred, and gave his own impressions.

No; the Marchioness of Estonbury had never shown the slightest symptom of aberration of mind. Her family, as far back as it could be traced, had no such taint; had no taint of any disease. She came of pure and vigorous stock. Her health had always been robust; she had scarcely known what sickness was. Dr. Harcourt decidedly was of opinion that her mind was perfectly sound, and that her strange conduct must be due to some other cause. She had always shown an imperious and determined temper; and when her heart was set upon an object, she would move heaven and earth to accomplish it.

He had known several instances in which mortals seemed devoid of affection for their offspring; an alienation which amounted to positive aversion in one or two whom he could name. And he had known ladies who surrendered their whole hearts to a misguided affection for some alien to their own blood. It must be so in this case. Lady Estonbury had taken an unaccountable fancy to the young girl born under her protection; she had found the object of her regard deserving, and

eyes to protrude with genuine horror, used as he was to such scenes.

"I shouldn't wonder if the wretch—why, just think!" he spluttered, addressing the colonel, while inspecting his pocket-case and the contents.

"If what the fellow says is true, he's murdered his own father and mother—and the rest of the family, for all I can say!"

It was with difficulty that he administered the drug, and the greater portion of it was spilled, but the portion swallowed by the patient seemed sufficient. The ravings gradually grew less frequent, the restless head became quiet, and an hour later the doctor pronounced Watson asleep, though greatly exhausted.

"I fear he'll never be able to bear transportation to the post, and yet—hardly understand it! The wound should not be so dangerous. It has cut no important artery, it has missed all vital organs—unless it has taken a diagonal course, from striking a bone. If I only had my tools—"

But no one listened to the worthy if proxy little doctor's words. Colonel Markham was too deeply concerned about his child, the men were too weary and sleepy. Four men were placed on guard, to be relieved at stated intervals, and then, seeking such shelter among the rocks as they could find, the wind and the threatening rain, the remainder composed themselves to sleep.

For some time Happy Jack and Comstock conversed over the mysterious events of the past day, striving in vain to see their way through the cloud that enveloped them, but their fatigue and broken rest asserted their claims, and side by side they lay down and in a few moments more were sleeping as soundly as though trouble and danger were not.

The storm held off until past midnight; then the low rumbling of thunder broke the silence, and quick flashes of lightning pierced the blackness. A huge drop of rain, cold as ice-water, struck upon the neck of the guard, and aroused his drooping senses. A vivid flash of lightning rendered all around distinct as day—and in that instant the sentinel caught a glimpse of a human figure stealing silently away. With a sharp cry he raised his carbine and fired.

Instantly the camp was aroused, and as he sprung to his feet, Colonel Markham shouted aloud:

"Look to the prisoners—shoot the first one that attempts to escape!"

But he was too late. The mischief was done!

CHAPTER XXIV.

BLACK HOLLOW.

STRAIGHT ahead rode Baby Tom, a broad smile upon his face, and a soft chuckle playing up and down in his big throat, as he recalled how adroitly he had "played" his captive. He looked little like a ruffian, save for his free and easy style of dress. A little soap and water, a little judicious grimacing, a little shaking of the beard and hair, would have discovered a comely if not handsome face, by nature filled full of good-humor and blurt honesty—and weakness. Time was when Thomas Bascom might have been pointed out as a model farmer, neighbor and husband, but while and since the advent of this, until now he was outlawed for more than one transgression of the law, was driven to live by the strong hand, to sleep beneath the black shadow of a dangling rope.

Choking down his emotions, Kate Markham covertly watched the movements of the party who had discovered, and once when Baby Tom turned his head away, she ventured to wave her hand toward them, hoping against hope that they would understand her appeal. Then, as if by magic, the horses vanished as utterly as though the earth beneath their feet had opened and swallowed them up.

The succeeding ten minutes were full of painful suspense to Kate, for Baby Tom, though clearly unsuspecting the vicinity to be occupied by other than the Indian captives, had changed his course until heading almost directly for the spot where the strangers had disappeared, and her heart gave a wild bound as the four horsemen suddenly spurred into view, uttering loud cries as they dashed forward.

Choking down his emotions, Kate Markham covertly watched the movements of the party who had discovered, and once when Baby Tom turned his head away, she ventured to wave her hand toward them, hoping against hope that they would understand her appeal. Then, as if by magic, the horses vanished as utterly as though the earth beneath their feet had opened and swallowed them up.

In a few hasty words Baby Tom gave them a synopsis of all that had transpired, and their reasons for seeking a new lair. Knowing the value of caution, the men dismounted and carefully muffled the hoofs of their horses, then turned to bear the giant company to Black Hollow.

The time thus consumed was of great benefit to Kate. Her hopes had soared so high, the reality had proved so bitterly disappointing, that without these few minutes for regaining her composure, she must have given way entirely. As it was, the remainder of her long ride was little better than a blank. She was conscious of rapid, steady motion, but that was all.

The day was fully two-thirds spent when the little cavalcade came to a halt beside a narrow, but swift and foaming stream that seemed to find birth beneath a gloomy, frowning mass of rocks and scrubby, above which, almost perpendicular, without break or passage, towered the white face of a mountain.

"We're lost!" cried Baby Tom, "miss," uttered Baby Tom, as he dismounted and Kate from her saddle, "That's a nasty bit to cross, yit, but you kin trust me to take you through all safe. Only—it's for your own good; you'd get skinned an' most likely pitch us both into the drink—"

"I reckon a fellow could go clean through a thrasher-machine an' come out in better fix than he would through them rocks!"

Kate instinctively shrank back as she saw him propose to blindfold her eyes, but at the touch of his brawny hand she saw the folly of attempting resistance, and passively submitted to her fate. Bidding his followers look after the animals, Baby Tom raised the maiden in his arms, and passed up the stream, pressing the leafy screen as though about to attempt to scale the precipitous rocks.

But instead, before him yawned a black opening through which the swift waters rushed with a hollow, rumbling roar. This opening somewhat resembled the mouth of a huge river. The roof and sides were of solid rock. Close to the edge of the water ran a narrow ledge, damp with spray and slime. Along this precarious trail, surrounded in almost inky blackness, Baby Tom moved slowly, feeling his way foot by foot, knowing that a single misstep, the slightest slip, would precipitate them both into the swirling waters to an almost certain death among the many sunken rocks and boulders. And, stout though his nerves were, the giant gave a long breath of relief as the faint glimmer of daylight ahead grew stronger and he emerged into a long, narrow valley.

Very appropriately had it been christened Black Hollow, for a more gloomy place could scarcely have been found out in the open air. The narrow valley was almost completely roofed in with the black and somber pines and firs that shot out from either side of the divided mountain. Only where the sun was directly overhead could its yellow light penetrate the secrets of the hidden valley. The day was twilight, the night utter blackness.

Baby Tom pressed through the dense shrubbery until he reached a small clearing in which stood several underground huts. Beside one of these he paused, and, removing the bandage from Kate's eyes bade her enter. In silence she obeyed, and as the brush-wattled door was closed behind her she sunk wearily upon the pine-leaf littered floor, her spirit utterly broken by anxiety and fatigue. A few moments later she lay sleeping heavily.

When she awoke there was a tiny fire glowing in the center of the hut, and beside it crouched Martha Bascom, who raised her head with a wistful smile as Kate started from her slumbers.

"Not a word!" cautioned the woman, with a swift glance toward the door. "Listen, but do not speak. First, you must eat this bread and meat—I cooked it for you my-

self, while you were sleeping. I wish there was some tea or coffee, for you will need all your strength; but this and water must serve. Eat—then I will tell you all."

Kate ate and drank, served one good purpose, since it restored her appetite, and after the first taste she ate as though she had been starved for days. Martha Bascom watched her in silence, but with an approving light in her eye, pressing bit after bit upon Kate until the maiden could eat no more.

Martha arose and opening the door glanced swiftly around her. Several fires were burning within the little clearing, yet their light was barely sufficient to reach the thick wall of vines and shrubbery beyond. Yet, far above, a thin line of sky was visible, and Kate knew that it was not yet night in the outer world.

Around the fires were lying a dozen or more men, some talking and smoking, others sleeping. Satisfied that all were there, Martha Bascom closed the door and drew Kate to the center of the hut. They sat down close beside the dying fire, and spoke in low, guarded whispers.

"I have learned much since we parted," began Martha, "more than enough to break my heart, had I any left. It was turned to stone long ago, and I am glad now. Hush! listen, but do not speak. There are wicked devils around us, and their ears are long and sharp. I can see that you doubt me—you think me crazy, as others have—but I'm not; the worse for me! There—enough of that! It is of you we must think. You are in danger here—great danger. Not you alone—but all of us here, but worse. You are in the presence of lawless men—and he is the worst. God pity me! that I should live to utter such words about my husband—he for whom I gave all—home, parents, my very soul!" and the woman pressed both hands almost fiercely upon her forehead.

"You are ill—do not speak any more since it pains you," said Kate, gently.

"I am well—I will not give way again," said Martha, and indeed she appeared another person as her will asserted itself. "I must speak, for you must know the danger that threatens, or your heart may fail you. You were told that reasons for capturing you, and I believe that they only intended to extort a large sum of money as the price of your freedom—at first. But he—my husband—has eyes, and he saw that you were very beautiful. It is hard to say—what I think of you. It is hard to say—'hah! what an ill that the truth should be told!' and the woman laughed, low but bitterly.

"Thomas Bascom has resolved to extort this money from your father, and still keep you in his possession. Hush! if your cry reaches their ears, we are lost!"

For several minutes the two women maintained perfect silence, then the elder one opened the door to reconnoiter. All was quiet. The outlaws seemed unsuspecting, and she returned to the trembling maiden.

"I overheard them talking while you were sleeping. You are not to be set free without ransom money is paid, but to be frightened into a marriage with him, by threats of still worse treatment—"

"But—you are his wife?"

"Not—but I would not be, then. A single voice is easily hushed—a simple push into the water, and the rocks would do the rest. I overheard them talking it all over. If I stand in his way I must go to the wall. He said as much himself. And that is why I am here. It matters little what becomes of me—better dead than living, perhaps. But still there is enough of the woman left alive in me to fight against leaving him to be happy with another woman. I can save you, and I will, if you will trust me. I know this place well, I can lead you through the tunnel, and once outside we can easily find our way to your friends. But there is no time to lose. We must escape to-night, if at all. Now—one word. Will you go with me?"

"Yes—and may God bless you for your kindness!" sobbed Kate, terrified at the black revelation.

"We have only to wait, then, until the men are asleep. I have secured enough food for our journey, and have weapons, if we are forced to use them. Now lie down—pretend to sleep. They may suspect something, and come to spy upon us."

Those were long and weary hours that passed before Martha Bascom deemed it prudent to venture forth upon their truly hazardous undertaking, but all seemed well when, hand-in-hand, they ventured forth from the hut. The darkness was intense save close around the dying camp-fires, but as if guided by instinct Martha Bascom led the way toward the river, the bank of which was gained without interruption.

Apparently the outlaws considered themselves safe without the precaution of keeping guard. "We must cross the river here," whispered Martha Bascom. "There is no path along the tunnel upon this side. The water is not deep, just here, though very swift. We can pass through easily, if you are only cool and steady-nerved. Keep close to me—hold fast to my dress, and there is no danger. Remember what fate you are leaving behind!"

Kate made no reply, but did as directed. The elder woman boldly entered the water and slowly pressed forward, though the current ran so swiftly that it tested their strength severely to avoid being swept from their feet. Though so narrow, it was a long and toilsome task, this crossing, and Martha Bascom uttered a sigh of relief as she drew near to the other shore.

At that moment a sharp challenge rung forth from directly in front—and then a blinding flash filled their eyes.

A wild, piercing shriek rung in Kate's ears, and she felt the dress torn from her grasp. She reeled—her feet slipped upon a slimy rock—the swift current whirled her from her footing, and with a scream of terror, she felt herself swept into deeper waters and hurled along with fearful velocity through the inky blackness. A choking, gurgling cry—then came a crushing blow—and all was a blank!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 414.)

A Woman's Hand In It.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

MYRLIE CONSTANCE looked up at the sound of her husband's footsteps in the hall, but dropped her eyes as he entered the parlor of whose luxury she was that night the sole sharer. He came in, handsome and smiling, as always, but with snow-flakes clinging to his great chinchilla, and one or more sparkling in their death on his black beard.

"Another snow, darling," he said, coming up to the lovely being on the sofa; but before he could continue or receive her reply he caught sight of her face, and almost started to his feet.

"Myrlie!" he said, almost sternly, but his intonation was full of love; "twice within the last fortnight I have surprised you in tears. It pains me to say that I have marked a growing coldness on your part. One year married and—this! What does it mean?"

She felt that his dark eyes were fastened upon her, and she knew that he was dying for an answer; but she turned her head provokingly away, and stubbornly sealed her lips.

"If you will not tell me—well," he said, assuming an independent air that cut to her heart like a knife. "I am sure that I will not trouble you if the secret is exclusively your own. I regret that I disturbed you. I shall go up-stairs and write my letters for to-morrow. Shall not get through till twelve."

Glancing through the long lashes that shaded her lustrous eyes, Myrlie saw her husband step toward the door, and with a mighty effort staggered to her feet.

"The secret shall be mine no longer!" she cried, exhibiting choler that lightened her beauty. "I might have known this when I married you that wild February night; but love for you blinded me, and I seemed to think that I was the only woman in the world!"

His answer was a proud smile—one that said that he was proud of the little woman who could exhibit such spirit.

"There!" cried Myrlie, and she flung a letter at his feet. "I might have known that a rich young man who had many loves at the time of his marriage, would not relinquish all just because the law bound him to one woman."

"Possibly not," was the taunting rejoinder, as Carl Constance stooped and picked up the letter which his piqued wife had flung at his feet. "I am to read this, I suppose?"

"If you wish; but its contents are doubtless familiar to you already," said Myrlie.

"You may reply, and the wife watched the husband while he unfolded the letter and read it in the glare of the chandelier. Her little hands were clenched till the nails bruised the soft palms, and her lips seemed frozen together.

"Ugh!" said Carl, looking up, and encountering Myrlie's flashing eyes. "Evidently intended for me, but never saw it before."

"Strange, then, that it with several others of like nature, should lie on your dressing-stand, this morning," the wife said, in a tone of disbelief.

"Very strange!"

"Can such things be, and like a summer cloud Overcome us?"

"No place for Shakespeare!" cried Myrlie. "You cannot laugh the letters off. If you think them worth to test your affections let me disabuse you of that idea here. I make no such despicable tests of a husband's love. What is your answer?"

All at once the lighter part of his nature fled. Seriousness and indignation took its place, and he advanced toward his wife.

"No!" she said, putting out her hand as she retreated to the sofa. "Do not touch me until we understand each other. There was a 'Stella' before I met you, and they used to say that you loved her; but you took me from a home far away, and made me your wife."

Carl Constance, I would give this world, did I possess it, for that home with its little rooms dark and cheerless. All the luxury with which you have surrounded me cannot keep my heart within these gilded walls. I loved you, wondering what you could see in me, but I am a woman although beneath you in social status."

He heard her through, pale now, and like a statue among the art collections that beautified the parlor.

"Myrlie, listen to me!"

His words drove her to the sofa, and from its depths of rich upholstery she looked into his face.

"There was a 'Stella' then; there is one now!" he continued, "and they used to say that I loved her. There the keen gossip falls, for Stella Clyde was never anything to me but a cold, proud, calculating girl of society. I met you and that was enough. This letter I never saw before. I don't want to see the others."

She did not answer.

"Have these silly letters rendered you jealous?" he asked in a gay tone, as he smiled again. "Are you going to play a high life comedy for their worthless sakes? Fie, girl! Come, play me that grand selection from 'Martha,' and we will make up over the ashes of this silly order out of the forest."

It would seem that his manner could not be resisted, and as he uttered the last word, he stooped over his wife and touched her jeweled hand.

Myrlie started as if his touch were the tongue of an adder.

"You cannot laugh it down!" she said. "Where is your proof that you have not given cause for the penning of that letter?"

"Here!" he cried, laying his hand on his breast. "My heart has never lied in word or deed, and I never lied to you."

"But Myrlie did not need to hear."

"Have you a real longing for an old home?" he said, suddenly. "If so, then carry out that longing and seek it to-night. But it is cold, and the snow is falling fast. See!"

With the last word he approached the window, swept aside the heavy velvet curtains with his hand, and threw up the sash.

A cold gust of wind swept into the room, and whirled a myriad of snow-flakes about the young wife's white face.

"I wonder whether out of the forest this, I came up on the last car—not the last by regulation time—but the last that will go up to-night on account of the storm. Therefore, you will have to go alone. If you should lose your way do not hesitate to address a policeman. Put on your heavy robes, and I will send everything after you at your request."

Myrlie was thunderstruck. She could not believe that she was the wife of the man who was talking in the terrible earnest that burdened his words. There was no look of pity in his eyes, no gleam of remorse, no voice; he seemed to be speaking her doom with the manner of a Jeffrey.

Her face became whiter than ever and she gasped:

"Do you mean it?"

"You have heard me. Judge for yourself," was the reply, and the sash was drawn down and the curtains closed.

The next moment Myrlie left the sofa, tried to speak, but instead shrieked wildly, and fell headlong into his strong arms.

Carl Constance's face was ghastly as he held her in his embrace, and looked down into the lifeless eyes and compressed lips.

His mind went back to the halcyon days of his wooing, when the belles of fashionable society swarmed about him, a dazzling bevy of beauty. But he had turned from each and all to love the fragile girl whose home was in a humble part of the great city, never disturbed by the rustle of satins, nor dazzled by the flash of society's jewels.

He believed that he had kept inviolate the sacred promises of the altar, that he had lived for Myrlie and for her alone. With almost boundless wealth at his command, he had transplanted her to a home of luxury far from her humble abode, and had compelled the belles of the city to pay for people's worth and beauty the homage richly due them.

But now, after one brief year of wedded life, the serpent that kills the holiest love of earth, had coiled himself within the precincts of home, and the young wife lay senseless in his arms, hurled there by cold, cutting words from his lips.

Carl Constance held Myrlie in his arms until he thought of all of this, and then as a cloud of anger dashed across his face, he laid her gently on the sofa.

"They are trying to make us two!" he cried, standing over her with clenched hands, and maddened beyond control. "This is the work of the disappointed—the stab of the social assassin. A woman's hand is in it! I am sure of that!"

He did not ring for a servant to restore Myrlie to consciousness, but knelt beside her and performed that office in person.

For several minutes his efforts were not rewarded, but at last the long lashes parted and the young wife opened her eyes as a shudder passed over her frame.

until he reached a magnificent residence whose steps he boldly mounted.

A startled servant answered his angry ring, and doffing his overshoes and ulster in the hall, he walked without ceremony into the parlor.

As he crossed the threshold, the notes of *Il Trovatore* died suddenly, and an exclamation of surprise greeted his appearance.

The occupant of the room, a beautiful woman with the scheming face of the Medici, left the piano, but paused when she caught his cast of countenance.

A sweeping glance told the young husband that they were alone.

"Woman, your work shall fail!" he said, and his first words sent her back pale toward the instrument. "Have you been foolish enough to think that you could estrange me from the woman who vanquished you in the tilt for my heart, and set me at your feet? Your letters, smuggled into my house by one in your employ, and placed where Myrlie would see them, shall not accomplish the purpose for which you wrote them. I come to say that I never loved you for one single moment—that my whole life is taken in the existence of the woman whom I married one year ago. On the contrary, Stella Clyde, I despise the person who stoops to the level you have reached, and still claims to be a woman! I shall put the brand of 'unprincipled schemer' upon your forehead, and make the roughest part of the world shrink from you as though you were contagion, notwithstanding your beauty."

At the outset the woman's eyes flashed defiance; but with the terrible threat the mad light left them, and, when the young husband finished, she cringed before him, an object of shame and fear.

"Spare me!" she cried. "Though you are man, exhibit the one great attribute of a God!"

"And you are guilty?"

"Yes."

"There lies your escritoire. Write me a confession for her."

The beauty hesitated. What! write a confession of defeated trickery for the eyes of one whom she would not deign to notice save as the wife of Carl Constance? The thought seemed the very gall of disgrace.

But the avenging husband broke her spirit.

"Write it and say therein that you now hate me—as I know you do."

Like a slave driven to repulsive labor, the beauty wrote the task, and he watched her as she wrote the words that crushed her heart into the dust of infamy.

It was his triumph over the haughtiest belle of society, who had played for his own heart.

He left her alone and faced the storm again, and with the proof of his cause in his hand met Myrlie in the morning.

We need not describe that meeting; but it was a reunion of hearts; tears—wisely tears—on the part of one, and renewed love by the other.

"I knew a woman's hand was in it, darling," Carl Constance said, "and the letter told me whose. I've crushed her haughty heart—crushed it forever!"

The serpent's sting had failed to kill.

Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE LA CROSSE TOURNAMENT.

FOR five days of the week ending March 9th, 1878, Gilmore's Garden, in New York, was the scene of an interesting series of exhibition and match games at La Crosse, the occasion being the presentation of the prize cup of the Metropolitan and New York State Amateur La Crosse Clubs for a prize cup offered by Mr. Tilton, the editor of the *Country*—a paper devoted to rural sports.

To give *clat* to the tournament, the celebrated Iroquois team of Indian La Crosse players from Montreal, and the senior team of Indians from near Syracuse, N. Y., were engaged to play a series of exhibition games, in order to practically illustrate the most attractive features of the game. The tournament began on the night of Tuesday, March 5th, and ended with the presentation of the prize cup on the night of the 9th. The contesting clubs appointed to take part in the contests for the prize cup were the Ravenswood, New York University, and Manhattan Clubs, of New York city; the Elmira club, of Elmira, N. Y., and the No Name, of Brooklyn. All but the last two put in an appearance, but the Manhattan, hailing from a Catholic institution, did not play on account of Lent, and the No Name, having recently joined with the Ravenswood, of course could not present a team. The players of the three clubs were as follows:

RAVENSWOOD.	UNIVERSITY.	ELMIRA.
T. Calder, Cap.	J. A. Atwood, Cap.	C. Gray, Cap.
E. Cluff	H. B. Barrenore	H. B. Barrenore
W. P. Ritchie	R. H. T. Marrenore	Lawrence
A. D. Ritchie	R. B. Dunning	Ayers
C. D. W. Barber	K. G. Gillette	Moharty
J. Guterson	E. L. Swaine	J. Gray
R. J. Graham	C. T. Webster	Davis
B. W. Hopkins	C. B. Zabri-kie	Out.
C. Smith	J. E. Capewell	Kane
I. Wilson		Greener.
H. Slater		

The first day's play brought together the Ravenswood and University nines, the contests they had to play together being the most goals won within the hour, this might yield one game or half a dozen, as the case might be. As it was yielded three, the Ravenswood winning two of them, and the match.

The captain of the Ravenswood team is an old and experienced La Crosse player, and has much to assist in forming a club in the metropolis. He is in charge of the La Crosse department at Peck and Snyder's sporting emporium, and he is sanguine of La Crosse eventually becoming a popular American sport. Mr. Cluff, too, is an old expert, formerly connected with the Knickerbocker La Crosse Club, of Brooklyn. Indeed, seven of the ten of the Ravenswood team hailed from Brooklyn. Among the artists sketching the scene was Mr. La Fen, of the *Graphic*, a noted prize winner in hundred-yard running matches, and this gentleman is now engaged in organizing a pedestrian La Crosse club, which will include some of the fastest runners of the metropolis. Indeed, La Crosse is a pedestrian's game, and it presents an excellent training school for short distance runners.

It was 9 P. M. before the amateurs took their places for the opening series of prize games. When they did they soon got to work and made some lively sport. It was plainly to be seen, however, that they were far below the mark of the Indian experts, especially in that attractive feature of the game, "carrying." There were several characteristics of their play which cannot be regarded as true La Crosse playing. Striking at the ball while it is on the ground is one of them, "sweeping" it at it on the bound is another. Using one's hands in pushing against players, and in fact playing the game as one does football, detracts materially from the beauty of La Crosse.

Played in its integrity, it is a game not only of agility and endurance in running, but of strategy and finesse in securing and retaining possession of the ball on the bat. In this latter respect the Iroquois Indians showed the amateurs an example which they should follow. After a contest of twelve minutes' duration, a fortunate throw in by Mr. Barrenore, gave the first game of the journey to the New York University team. Before the second contest took place, an eighty-yards spurt on snow-shoes by three of the Iroquois Indians took place, "Thawrenate" winning. The second game of the series was then played, and after a good struggle lasting twelve minutes, Mr. W. Ritchie made the winning throw in for the Ravenswood team, and left the match at even games. The third game proved to be very interesting at times, but the Ravenswood had the best of it from the start, and in fifteen minutes Mr. Cluff, by some pretty play, made the winning throw and

placed his club in the van for the winning of the prize cup. The Indians closed the evening's proceedings with some more exhibition games, and the audience retired highly pleased with the first night's sport of the tournament.

The second day's play introduced the Elmira club team as the opponents of the Ravenswood team, the Elmira being attired in a red, white and blue uniform of the common country baseball club pattern. These players ranged from six feet two down to five feet four. They are mostly young fellows, formerly ball-players. They have yet much to learn about true La Crosse playing, one thing especially, and that is how to play the game without losing their temper and becoming profane in their language. At one time in the second contest they had with the gentlemen of the Ravenswood club, their goal-keeper, Hummel, told Mr. Cluff that he would "knock his—"

head off. It should be understood by country clubs that this is not the style La Crosse is played either by our metropolitan clubs or the Canadian clubs, and the sooner they improve themselves in this respect the better for their reputation. There must of necessity be an allowance made for the excitement incident to a close struggle, and resulting from the inevitable collisions on the field; but gentlemen always manage to control their tempers and especially their tongues under such circumstances.

The first match between the Elmira and the Ravenswood began at 3:35. At the start the Long-Islanders forced the game, and the countrymen would rally and send the ball flying up to the other end, it was soon sent back again, and defensive operations forced on the Elmira. Finally, after fifteen minutes' fight, the ball was sent through the Elmira goal by Mr. W. Ritchie, and Ravenswood scored the first game of the series. A rest followed, during which a hurdle race on snow-shoes by the Indians varied the evening's sport. At 9:05 the amateurs once more faced each other, and now began one of the most noteworthy of amateur contests at La Crosse ever recorded on this side of the St. Lawrence. In the Indian games, strategy in "carrying" the ball and in "tacking" and "ducking" were the main features; in this amateur match, however, "striking" was the order of the hour. In fact the contest in this respect was an exceptional one, and in direct violation of the true spirit of the laws of the game. If wrestling, pushing and throwing one another, and trying to disable each other is to be the *de-sideratum*, we recommend the Elmira club to drop La Crosse and take up football, where they would evidently be at home. In simple defense the Ravenswood gentlemen were at times forced to adopt the same style of play, and the result was the cracked heads, bloody noses and damaged hands, wrists and elbows, not to mention bruised shins, were features of this rough-and-tumble match at La Crosse.

The struggle was prolonged for half an hour, during which time twice did the Ravenswood team send the ball so nearly through the Elmira goal as to raise a question for the umpires to settle. Finally, after forty minutes' play—or rather rough work—had been enjoyed (I), a clever piece of play by Mr. Slater, after some pretty fielding by Messrs. Ritchie, Slater and Cluff, sent the ball right through the Elmira goal, and the boys of the Red, White and Blue had to throw up the sponge. Had not the Ravenswood ten won the goal as they did, five minutes' more play would have given them the match by "time," as the hour was nearly up within which the side winning the most goals would have won the match.

This practically ended the tourney, as far as the winning of the cup was concerned, the Ravenswood club being the victors. The next night, however, the amateurs essayed the task of playing against the Indians again, first trying their skill with the Onondagas.

The match was best three in five, and though the amateurs entered upon their task hopefully, they were not at all sanguine of success, certainly not beyond the result of winning one game out of the series.

The following are the names and positions of the picked amateur team:

W. Ritchie, goal, of Ravenswood Club.
Dunning, point, of University Club.
Atwood, cover point, of University Club.
Guterson, home, of Ravenswood Club.
Wheeler, center, of Ravenswood Club.
Cluff, field, of Ravenswood Club.
Gillette, field, of University Club.
Captains—Messrs. Calder and Ritchie.
Umpires—Messrs. H. O'Neil and F. C. O'Reilly.
Referee—Dr. Johnson, of Montreal.

Time of Four Games—Thirteen minutes.

Though the Indians played the amateurs on the defensive in the first game, some skillful play on the part of Messrs. Atwood, Gillette, Ritchie and Cluff led to a favorable position for a telling attack on the Indian goal, which the alert and active Cluff cleverly took advantage of to send the ball through the Onondaga goal, thereby winning first game. Thus encouraged, the amateurs went to work in earnest, and placing the Indians on the defensive, came near winning the second game by a *coup de main*. Unluckily, however, in the excitement of the scrimmage at the enemy's goal they left their own exposed, and one of the Indians took advantage of it and won the game. The amateurs offset this, however, with two quickly-won games, in which Mr. Cluff bore off the honors. Excited by their success, the next day they challenged the Canadian Iroquois team, but the amateurs only won one game out of the five played. This really ended the tourney, though the Indians played exhibition games on Saturday night.

There is to be a tourney at Prospect Park during Easter week.

Ripples.

GREENLAND has no cats. Imagine cats in a country where the nights are six months long.

GOOD resolutions are like horses. The first cost is an item of less importance than the keeping.

"OH, breathe not the name!" There is a parish in Wales, near the famous tubular bridge, named Slanfairpwllgwynglgogerbwldyliliogog.

A CLERGYMAN asked some children, "Why do we say in the Lord's Prayer, 'who art in heaven,' since God is everywhere?" A little drummer-boy answered, "Because it's head-quarters."

"In choosing a wife," says the *Phrenological Journal*, "be governed by her chin." Have no personal experience; but we have always understood that that is the way they are always governed.

RAIN-METER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I hear the rain on my roof,
A soft and musical murmur,
(But out upon terra firma,
It doesn't make terra firmer.)

Its music my childhood recalls,
So sweet and tender and mellow:
(Oh, misery, what can I do?
For some one has got my umbrella!)

The mist of the rain shrouds the street
Till the eye can't find a friend it;
(It never rains but it pours,
And only rains when you don't want it.)

The beautiful rain, so pure,
Descends in drops that are crystal;
(And, oh, Scraphina, that drive
I could out my life off with a pistol.)

The sky is o'ercast by the clouds—
Clouds wafted from far-off Pacific;
(There are holes in my boots, I perceive,
And the state of my case is terrific.)

Fast without ceasing they fall,
Bright drops, in a numerous valley;
(And to think of the party to-night
Would be a most foolhardy folly!)

Drop after drop patters down,
By drop after drop succeeded;
What a blessing the rain is, indeed—
(To people who anxiously need it.)

What a welcome the bright rain is
To the buds which are lying dormant!
(But to one who has no gum-coat
It is certainly quite a torment.)

'Tis the scattered tribute of seas
O'er the land that waits to receive it.
(I can't wear my suit to-day;
And it makes me sick to believe it.)

The fall of the rain's without art,
Unless it may be art-esian;
(And the sun is out very clear—
That is, clear out of the vision.)

The beautiful rain falls for all,
For one as well as another,
(But they can leave out my share,
If it isn't too much of a bother.)

The Diamond-Hunters;

OR,

ADRIFT IN BRAZIL.

BY C. D. CLARK.

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFOAT," "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON," ETC., ETC.

THE GAUNTLET OF THE CAPE.

THE brig True American, under a press of sail, was rolling through the long swell of the South Atlantic, but a few leagues from the Brazilian coast. She was a staunch craft, built, however, far more for stowage than speed, for she was broad in the beam, with flaring upper works, and looked the model of a trading coaster. At present she was making little way, for the wind was almost dead ahead, and the True American was not adapted for "beating."

Captain Transom, of the True American, planked the quarter-deck, casting scowling glances to windward. Like all sailors, he was angry because the wind was not fair, and now and then his foot came down on the deck with a bump. He walked hastily to the rail and looked at the long swell, which rose and fell with that uneasy motion an old sailor hates above all things upon earth or sea.

"The Flying Dutchman was a fool to me," growled the captain. "The brig will lie off the cape as long as the children of Israel journeyed through the wilderness—forty days and nights. Can't you get a little more out of her, Mr. Finney?"

The mate shook his head as he walked aft, and stood by the captain's side. He was a tall, lank son of Maine—one of the true typical Yankees, with an immense fund of humor in the turn of his head and the flash of his merry blue eyes.

"Captain," he said, "I reckon you are just a-bilin' over with the desire fer wind."

"I don't want to spend the whole season off Cape Blanco."

"Waal, I'm thinkin' you won't hev long to wait, Cap, and when it does come you just hear me when I say it's goin' to be a roarer. I never looked at such a sky as that, off the South American coast, but I heerd a smorter, pooty soon."

"All the wind we'll get will be dead ahead," declared Captain Ralph, in the same sulky tone.

"All right, Cap. Maybe you are right, but I've got my opinion, and I don't give it up. You'll get a wind from the east in about two hours that maybe you won't like."

"Oh, clear out, Jake!" replied the captain. "Wind! There ain't enough wind yonder to shake the reefs out of a lady's pocket-handkerchief."

The mate walked forward again, with a grin upon his face, for he knew that the captain believed in his seamanship and would take a look at the sky. Five minutes later came a hail from the quarter-deck:

"Let her go, Mr. Finney; I want to get off this lee shore."

The sails were trimmed, and the True American, shooting past the island, went about on her heel and made a long stretch to the east. It was evidently the intention of the captain to put as much space as possible between him and the Brazilian shore, and the broad bows of the brig parted the waves rapidly, while the captain strode forward, looking out ahead. Every stitch of canvas which could be made to draw was packed on the brig, and she was making good way for a craft of her build. Both the captain and Jake Finney were now casting frequent and ominous glances forward, but not a sign had the commander made, so far, to guard against danger.

"I hope you won't carry on too long," suggested the mate, in a low tone, unheard by any one except the captain.

"I've got to do it, Jake," was the reply. "You see, we've hung on too long, and if the wind comes, as I know it will, it will be hard work for us to keep off the shore. Keep her going until the last minute, and when I sing out, let every man strain a blood-vessel as he jumps."

Two or three old sailors in the crew, who knew the signs of sea and sky, began to shake their heads in an ominous manner. Their eyes had seen the trouble brewing ahead, and now and then they glanced at the swelling canvas and noted that the sea had changed in appearance during the last half-hour.

But, Captain Transom made no sign. He stood now on the quarter-deck, one strong brown hand laid upon a shroud to steady himself, and his piercing eyes studying sea and sky. The wind was chopping and changing, and every moment forcing the brig more and more out of her course.

Ralph Transom was a handsome young fellow as need be, with a resolute face, dark eyes and hair, and a manly form, the impersonation of manly strength. He was young, not more than twenty-five at most, certainly a good sailor and a brave man, or he would not have been able to reach his present position, at his age. His crew loved him, one and all, and would have dared anything for his sake.

But the sky grew more and more ominous in its appearance; a dull, angry glare, and a low murmuring sound came from the eastward. Ralph Transom knew that the time for action had indeed come.

"Lay aloft there!" he cried. "Strip her, strip her, men! You tomen, away you go!"

The ten men who composed the crew of the True American sprang to their places. It was time, for the roar and rush of the elements grew louder, and sea and sky all at once turned black as ink. In an incredibly short space of time the brig, under only her head sails, and even these

close reefed with the exception of the staysail, was staggering along over the short chopping sea.

"Two men to the wheel!" shouted the captain. "Briggs and Stanton will do; be ready, boys!"

The two able seamen whose names were called sprang at once to the wheel and took it in their strong hands. They knew well that nothing save great danger would cause the captain to send two men there, and those the two best hands in the vessel. Scarcely had they taken their places when the gale for which they had been preparing burst upon them with a wild shriek, and the True American bowed before it as the forest bends to the rush of the hurricane. Sea and sky seemed to meet, and in the midst of the sudden darkness the brig was lifted high into the air and cast almost on her beam-ends. But the men at the wheel let her go over, and the good craft rose slowly from the brine, the water dripping from her yards and shrouds where they had been dipped in the seething waves.

"Hold her there, men!" ordered Ralph. "She's true to her name; the brave brig will stand it."

"I only hope the foremast will stand the racket," said the mate, in the ear of the captain. "I've my doubts whether we didn't spring it off Hatteras, coming down, and didn't wind up try anything on the sea."

The foretopmast was springing to the force of the mighty gale, and the weight of the jib and staysail, belled by the wind, was too much for it. It was indeed enough to try the strength of the stoutest spar which ever left the shipyard. Every rope and stay told as the gale increased in violence, and they knew that if the mast went now, nothing would keep them off the shore. For, on the coast, they were met with the wind a little north of east, they could hope to weather the cape, but should the mast go, nothing could save them.

Looking at the face of Ralph Transom, no one would have imagined for an instant that this brave, perhaps the bravest of men, was so anxious and immovable, and if his eye now and then would fall upon the bending mast, it was in the most casual way, and his gaze quickly turned in another direction. Yet he knew well that upon the strength of that spar the safety of the brig, and perhaps the lives of every man on board, depended. The men had done all they could, and each at his station, they waited for one of the chances which would have called them into action. The mate, having warned the captain of the danger to the foremast, stood at his post, cool and composed as a May morning, as he always was in times of danger or excitement in the others.

Now, through the haze, loomed the cape, and the heart of every man on board the True American leaped for joy, for they knew that when they had left that cape astern, they were safe, for the brig was staunch, and gave her clear water, she would outride the strongest gale that ever blew. And, knowing the coast well, Ralph could see that, if she held her present course, they would clear it easily. He had had the thought passed through his mind when there came a crash aloft, and the foretopmast, broken short off at the cap, came crashing down, and beat against the sides of the ship with a deafening roar. A groan of dismay broke from every throat.

"Volunteers to cut away the topmast!" cried the captain. "Who speaks first?"

Jake was the first to spring for the weather-shrouds, the post of danger in a storm, and while the big, honest old man was thus engaged, the drag of the broken foremast, almost broached to, the brave man, with a hatchet slung about his neck, went up like a cat, followed more slowly by two of the men.

The brig groaned like a creature in agony, and the mate, in a moment, was rapidly descending toward the shore. Once clear of the broken topmast they might weather it yet, but would they be in time?

Suddenly Jake uttered a cry of surprise as he swung himself into the top. There was almost sure that he was the first one to leave the deck, and yet, there was some one before him, hacking away at the broken foretopmast, and even as the officer gained the top there came a resounding cheer, as the mast fell, dragging with it a mass of sails and rigging.

The knives of the sailors flew out like wasps' stings, and out away everything that held, and the brig, under the force of the double-reefed mainsail, came slowly up to the wind, and went staggering on her course, while the topmast drifted aft to leeward.

Not a word was spoken as they neared the cape, for all felt that it would be touch and go. All the men held their breaths, and even the men perched upon the foremast made no attempt to descend, while the man who had cut away the spar, wherever it was, remained in the top, clinging to the stump of the broken mast.

The spray flew high above them, the breakers roared under their lee, and for a moment they thought that all was lost as the brig lurched toward the sunken topmast. There was a rapid, low, ribble sound under the keel, a slight shock, and the cape was behind them as the vessel went rushing on before the gale.

The men came down one by one, eyed by the captain, and as the last touched the deck Ralph caught his breath by the sudden excitement.

"Now, then, who are you?"

All turned in astonishment to look at the stranger who was looked in the iron grasp of Transom!

(To be continued.)

Squatter Sovereignty.

BY LUCILLE HOLLS.

THERE was great trouble within one of those nondescript little houses which are perched upon the rocks and side-hills of unimproved, upper New York, and which generally call forth from the passer-by, on boat or railroad train, the contemptuous epithet—"squatter sovereignty."

The death of Dennis Neil had been as grievous a blow to the wife and children as the loss of that bit of a home—constructed of stray boards and old tin, and unmarked panes of glass—as that of the wealthy Joel Wentworth, broker, who owned the property upon which the Neils had settled, and who had died at just this season the year before, had been to the family, in the grand mansion on Gramercy Square.

By honest and regular labor, and indulgence in few excesses, the Neils had lived happily and comfortably in their small home upon the Wentworth property, far up-town in New York, since their arrival from the country.

But when Barney, their eldest child, was twelve years old, and Nora nearly eleven, and Mary eight, Baby Ted made his advent into the world; and, three days afterward, his father took his departure from the life. Dennis was brought home, that November afternoon, bruised and insensible, having fallen from a high scaffolding. He lived through the night and died at day-dawn.

It was a severe blow to Mrs. Neil, and while she was slowly recovering from her illness, the little Ted was languishing, there came still greater trouble.

One night, while Mary lay curled asleep upon a strip of carpeting before the old cooking-stove, Nora and Barney spelled together from a picture primer, a hoarse cry exclaimed from the bright Nora had picked up, in fragmentary manner, quite a knowledge of reading, and delighted in helping Barney to learn all she was able to teach him—and Mrs. Neil sat in a dilapidated rocker, the babe upon her lap, wearily trying to plan for the future, the sharp rap upon the cabin door, and a black-eyed stranger stepped into the room.

"Your name is Neil, the neighbors tell me," he said, looking straight at Ann, who sat white and nervous in her invalid chair, and I suppose you know, Mrs. Neil, that this house of yours is upon the property of Mr. Hugh Went-

worth. I am his agent; and I have come here, to-night, to give all of you people warning that you must move off of his land before this night week!"

"Oh, no! surely he'll not be so cruel!" cried Mrs. Neil, while the children looked at each other, frightenedly, but scarcely comprehending the full extent of the devastation this announcement conveyed.

"There is no cruelty about it, ma'am," returned the agent, composedly. "This settlement has been here many years, and after having had the use of this land for your gardens and houses all this time, rent free, you ought to be thankful for past favors and get up and get with a good grace."

"An' where would we be after goin'?" asked Mrs. Neil, in great distress. "An' the husband's dead, an' me sick wid the baby here, an' no one to move the old house, an' nowhere for the pigs an' the hens to go, an' the winther a-comin' on! Ah! shure it's the wicked man he'd be, if he'd not let a poor widdy an' orphuns stay here 'till the spring."

"His workmen are coming here, next week, to blast rocks, and you must take yourselves and your traps out of the way within the week, or Mr. Wentworth's further orders will be carried out, and your miserable hovels torn down over your heads!" with which decided announcement of his employer's pleasure, the agent abruptly took his leave.

"Don't cry, my dear, darlin'!" said Barney, coming to the agent's aid. "If it's not so bad as the man sez, and we'll be let stay here till spring."

"No, indeed, me b'y; when yer father died I knew worse would come to us; an' now yer ruined an' me heart is broke intirely, to go away from yer dear home, an' it's all I'll shurely be the killin' of me!" she added, prophetically.

"Oh! no, mother," Nora sobbed, clinging to her mother's neck; "Mr. Wentworth would never be so cruel as to make us go away from here. I shurely he'll let us stay here 'till the spring, an' I'll be after tellin' him how father died, and how you and little Ted are sick, and I'm shure he'll let us stay."

"You'd do no good, ma'vounner!" sobbed Mrs. Neil, but Nora went to her room, calling upon Mr. Hugh Wentworth, in that mansion she had once gazed upon in the extreme of childish admiration and awe. And the next morning, while the wealthy young widower, Mr. Hugh Wentworth, and his only child, a beautiful girl of twelve, sat at their late and luxurious breakfast, the waiter announced that a poor girl was without who begged earnestly to see Mr. Wentworth.

"One of those squatter children, come to ask some favor, perhaps," guessed the gentleman, and I may as well see her, and put an end to any nonsense."

The child was ushered in—a round-limbed, little figure in a faded calico dress, so short that it displayed her bare legs and coarse-patched shoes. "Do you know, Lenore, at what cost this house has been made your home?" asked a haughty-faced, gray-haired man, who was the fair queen's companion.

"Stay!" commanded Lenore, imperiously. "You are about to accuse me of treachery to your mother, and impudently to your own passion! Your son is disgraced, and your fortune has suffered because of my demands and the hard times. I am glad this is so! For eighteen years I have been meaning in some way—fate has been so kind—to bring sorrow to you and yours! Yes, for eighteen years to injure you has been the cherished object of my heart! I don't look twenty-nine, do I, for I am so fair; but I am, and I have not forgotten how, at eleven years old, I stood in your garden, and impudently to your own passion!"

"Oh, sir," faltered Nora, "it's scarcely after being two weeks since father fell from a scaffold and died in the morning, and mother's sick, and the baby's sick, and there's no one to move this house, and I'm sure I'll be after tellin' him how father died, and how you and little Ted are sick, and I'm shure he'll let us stay."

"I imagined that was your errand," said the gentleman, in a sneering tone, "and my commands must be obeyed, to the letter, and all the rubbish around there taken out of the way. You may go home and tell the people that no long fairs, nor whimpering yarns, will be of any avail in changing my plans. And the more you say, the more I am convinced that you will not be admitted."

Nora's eyes fairly blazed with anger. "It's not lies but solemn truth, I've been after tellin' ye!" she cried, relapsing, in her indignation, to unvoiced brogue; "and if a man bad man ye are if ye turn us from our home, wid our old weather; and I made sure that if I axed you would let us stay where we are; leastways, until it comes warm again."

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ful little laugh, and asked, derisively, as she clasped a diamond butterfly from her hair and in its place nestled a few passionately-odorous cape-jasmines.

"What would Miss Van Rensselaer say to all this?"

"Of course you know of my engagement to her, but I will break it, at any cost, Lenore, if you will promise to become my wife!"

"Very well," said the girl, carelessly; "when you come to me, free, I will listen to you. Or, there is one other condition I must impose upon the man who becomes my husband. There is a certain house I have set my heart upon possessing. It is No. — street. I will marry the man who can give me the deed of that, as well as his heart and hand. Perhaps you will not care to comply with this condition for the sake of winning Lenore," she said, dropping her light tone, and bending her brilliant face close to his, with such an alluring gaze that the young man felt that no condition was a severe one which would win him this exquisite beauty for his bride.